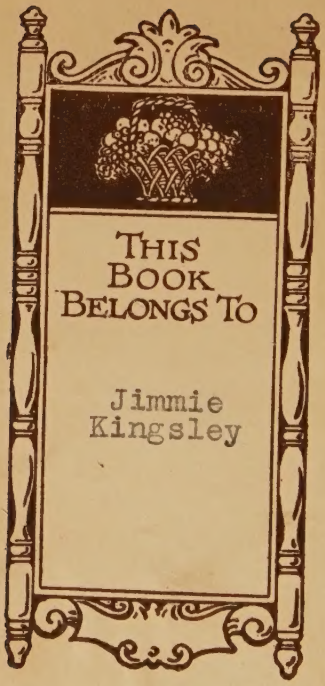
RECOLLECTIONS OF MY CHILDHOOD

GRACE GREENWOOD


THIS
BOOK
BELONGS TO
Jimmie
Kingsley

A merry Christmas to Jimmy.

Dec 25, 1867

A Merry Christmas for Jimmy.
From
Grandmother Kingsley

RECOLLECTIONS

OF

MY CHILDHOOD,

AND

OTHER STORIES.

BY

GRACE GREENWOOD,

AUTHOR OF "HISTORY OF MY PETS."

WITH ENGRAVINGS FROM DESIGNS BY BILLINGS.

BOSTON:
TICKNOR AND FIELDS.
1866.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1851, by
SARA J. CLARKE,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the District of Massachusetts

Dedication.

TO THE COUSINS,

UNA AND JULIAN HAWTHORNE,

HORACE AND GEORGE MANN,

I AM PROUD AND HAPPY TO DEDICATE THIS VOLUME.

GRACE GREENWOOD

PREFACE.

TO THE MOTHERS OF THE CHILDREN INTO WHOSE HANDS THIS BOOK MAY FALL.

My Friends: —

Many times, while writing this little volume of stories, I have seemed to feel your eyes upon me, in a look so serious, so searching, that my heart almost quailed under it. I have felt, more deeply than I can tell, that I was to be judged not alone by literary umpires, by professional critics, but by the unbiased reason, the quick conscience, the jealous watchfulness, the wondrous instincts, of your maternal hearts.

As a practical florist would watch keenly, if not distrustfully, a young gardener, in his first essays at binding up rose-trees, watering and propping lilies, and training tender young vines, — so, but with infinitely deeper anxieties, must you regard one like me, a stranger in your conserva-

tory of fair soul-flowers, newly blossomed out of the great life of God, seeking to stay with some rude support the luxuriant growth and affluent flowering of childish affections, to nourish the pure white bloom of earliest thought, to train those beautiful vine-like instincts of faith and holiness which, even undirected, creep blindly toward heaven. As Eve learned horticulture of the angels in Eden, so, in the life of maternal love, have you been divinely taught to rear your plants of immortality. Yet do not distrust one who but seeks, as a subordinate, to aid you in your labors. She may go about her work with "a 'prentice hand," all too unskilful, but, surely, neither rash nor ungentle.

Aside from the dear love I bear them, I have a genuine *reverence* for children, — for that open-browed innocence, that simple trust, that utter unworldliness, which once drew them into the arms of Jesus, and called from his lips that blessing which is the seal of his divinity to the heart of a mother. I look upon a joyous group of children, not envying them their careless happiness, with the sad retrospective feeling which murmurs, "I, too, dwelt in Arcadia;" — but, regarding their purity,

I say, with a sort of grateful pride, "Have I not been as one of these? Did I not also inherit the blessing?"

I have faith to believe that this book will speak to the hearts of children, because, in writing it, I truly lived again the life of my childhood; my heart was dismayed anew at its little dangers, and thrilled by its little joys; it bled again with its sharp little sorrows, where the later, deeper wounds of womanhood were healed forever.

It may be I have written too much as a child,—too impulsively and inconsiderately. You may think the mirth of some portions of the book rather too free and wild. I can only reply that my humor is not under my control; it plays "fantastic tricks" on its own responsibility, in defiance of good sober sense and the nice rules of propriety.

For the homely democratic sentiments scattered through the volume I make no apology; I will stand by them at all times. The religious sentiments are alike those of my reason and my heart. I have sought to point my readers to a heaven of peace and brightness, not of storm and gloom; to inculcate a belief which may bring comfort and joy

to their young spirits, not awe and terror;—a faith as bright, as free, as clear, as cheerful, as the skies, the birds, the waters and the flowers, of my own remembered childhood.

In regard to the language employed, I have not been conscious of striving after simplicity. I have been a good deal influenced by the advice of a little girl, who, on hearing that a lady was writing a juvenile work, said, "Do, papa, tell her not to talk to the children more childishly than they ever talk themselves."

And now, dear friends, let me say I do not even hope that you will pronounce my story-book faultless; but, if you will only admit that it is harmless,—that it will do some little good,—if you will believe I have *meant* well, I shall be quite content.

G. G.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

THE OLD CHAIR-MENDER AND HIS GRAND-DAUGHTER .

THE TORN FROCK,—A LITTLE STORY FOR LITTLE GIRLS 14

THE RAINBOW-PILGRIMAGE 25

DENNIS O'BRIEN 34

STRAWBERRYING 45

TOM SHELBY'S VISIT TO THE COUNTRY . . 55

THE TWO LADIES FROM THE CITY . . . 70

THE AUNT FROM THE WEST . . . 80

LITTLE CHARLIE'S WILL 91

THE HERMIT 107

EFFIE GREY'S SLEEP-WALKING . . . 109

LIZZIE IN THE MILL 119

JACK AND HIS JACK-O'LANTERNS . . . 131

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY CHILDHOOD.

THE OLD CHAIR-MENDER AND HIS GRAND-DAUGHTER.

Perhaps some of my little readers have seen in the country chairs bottomed with thin strips of wood, or woven bark. These make very easy seats, but do not last a great while. We had such chairs in our kitchen, and about once a year they needed repairing. There was an old man, by the name of Richards, who used to do this work for us. I remember him now, as plainly as though I had seen him only yesterday. He was a little fat man, between sixty and seventy years of age, with a good-natured, rosy face, and hair as white as snow, which was very thick, and hung down on his shoulders. He generally wore

a suit of coarse cloth, called "sheep's gray," and a brown felt hat, with a round crown and a wide brim. He always came in a little unpainted wagon, drawn by a sorel one-eyed pony, in a home-made harness of light leather, with rope reins. I remember that this pony, whose name was "Dolly," had once a little colt, which, not being as sober-mannered and lazy as herself, gave her more trouble than pleasure. He seemed remarkably cunning, and would often get on the blind side of his mother, and keep as quiet as a mouse, while the poor creature was whinnying for him, in great distress.

Mr. Richards lived in a small log house, a few miles east of us, with the only near relative he had in the world,— a little grand-daughter, named Amy, who, from the age of ten years, when her mother died, was her grandfather's housekeeper.

Amy Ellis was one of the best, as she was one of the prettiest girls in the country, far and wide. People called her "a

perfect little woman," she was so active, so steady and industrious. She was strong, healthy and happy, and really could do more work in a day than many a full-grown woman, and with less fuss. She was not tall, but rather stout, like her grandfather; her hands were hardened by work, and her feet somewhat spread by going without shoes in the summer time; but she had a clear brown complexion, rosy cheeks, and very handsome hazel eyes. Her frocks and aprons, though plain, and cut in rather an old-womanly way, were always neat and whole, and her grandfather's clothes were kept carefully brushed and mended.

I can see now that Amy was a very wonderful child; but I own that there was a time when I grew tired of her very name, from hearing her praised so much, and held up as a model for me to imitate.

Amy had a good deal of taste. I remember that she used to train up ivy-vines and rose-bushes against her grandfather's house, till you could scarcely see the logs. She

was very fond of her old grandfather, and he of her. It was pleasant to see them working in the field and garden together, or walking to church, or sitting of a Sunday evening in the burial-ground, on the rough bench, by the graves of old Mrs. Richards and Amy's father and mother. They were too poor to put up head-stones; but they had placed boards, with nicely painted inscriptions, there, and had planted the sweet-brier and violets in great abundance.

I remember the last chair which Mr. Richards mended for us, and how it was broken. There was a certain old soldier, a very stout man, who was in the habit of calling at our house and asking for cider. He grew rather troublesome, at last, and my mother resolved to give him no more, as he was suspected of drinking too much,—though, for that matter, *any* cider is too much. But, one hot summer day, he came in, and asked for a drink. My mother looked at him, saw that he had not been drinking, and that he was very tired. So

she went for the cider herself, calling to my brother William to hand the gentleman a chair. Will was very mischievous, and so brought forward an old arm-chair, the bottom of which was broken in several places. Of course, Mr. More, tired as he was, came down so heavily that all gave way under him, and when he rose the chair rose with him. My mother returned in time to reprove my brother for his "carelessness," as she called it. I wish I could believe it was carelessness, and no trick. She then handed a brimming tumbler to our neighbor; he drank one great swallow, then made up a dreadful face, set down the glass, and hurried angrily out of the house. My mother, much astonished, tasted of that which was left in the pitcher, and found that it was *vinegar*. What a laugh we children had at her "carelessness"! But old Mr. More never again called at our house for cider.

Mr. Richards happened along in a day or two, and wove a new bottom for the chair.

That time he brought with him his granddaughter, who was then between eleven and twelve years old. My sister and I, wishing to amuse her, showed her our dolls; but she said, "How can you waste so many pretty pieces of calico in these little frocks and aprons? I would sew them together, and put them into a bed-quilt."

We took her to see our pretty pet pig, "Nuggie," who lived in a little house by himself, and was washed every day; and after looking at him a minute, she said, "Do you mean to keep such a nice fat pig as that? If he were mine, I'd have him killed, and roast him."

I thought this was very cruel of Amy, for our Nuggie was no common pig; he was civilized and good-mannered, and we had taught him a great many cunning tricks. I afterwards asked my mother if it was not a hard-hearted remark; but she replied that Amy looked more to the useful than the ornamental. Poor Nuggie died that very

summer, of cholera-morbus, from my overfeeding him with green apples.

Amy seemed most pleased with our ducks and a pair of twin calves, which, she said, were nearly as thriving as her own; but she soon went into the house, took out her knitting, and sat down near her grandfather. My mother was making some pastry in the kitchen, and Mr. Richards was conversing with her. I remember that he was talking of a neighbor of ours, who, he said, was well enough off, but who had sold out, "pulled up stakes," and started for the far-away State of Ohio, in hopes of making his fortune. He said, "As for me, I have *larned* 'in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content,' and all I want, here below, is food and raiment, and middling good clothing, and three meals of victuals a day."

"Why, grandfather," said Amy, "does anybody ask more than that?"

"Yes, child," he answered; "some folks take a notion that they must be rich or

great. I had a brother that never would give up peddling till he was worth a thousand dollars; and my father, your great-grandfather, was a Justice of the Peace; but I don't think he was ever the happier for his greatness. I rather think that it shortened his life, though he was a-most eighty when he died."

My mother invited Amy to stay with us that night and the next day; but she answered, "I thank you,— I cannot possibly stay, for to-morrow is my baking-day."

When she was going, we children offered to lend her some of our story-books. She looked at them as though she longed to take them; then shook her head, and said to my mother, "I have no time to read such things as these; but, if you could lend me a good cookery-book, I should be very glad."

The very autumn after the visit I have described, Mr. Richards was taken down with a fever. The neighbors kindly offered assistance, and did all they could for him; but he liked best to be tended by Amy, and

she wished to do all the nursing for him. One afternoon, when he seemed somewhat better, and nobody, not even the doctor, thought him dangerously ill, it happened that Amy was alone with him. As she sat by his bedside, he stretched out his thin hand and laid it on her head, saying, in a faint voice, "Poor Amy, I am sorry to leave you; you have been a good child to me. Keep a good girl, love God, and He 'll take care of you. You must n't live here all alone when I am gone; but you 'll see that somebody takes care of old Dolly."

"Why, grandfather," said Amy, "you will live to take care of her yourself."

Mr. Richards was silent a moment; then he asked,

"Is there room between your mother and your grandmother for me? They 'll have to take up the sweet-brier; but, if it dies, maybe you 'll plant another over your poor old grand'ther."

"O, grandfather," cried Amy, "don't

talk so,— don't! You will live a great many years yet, *won't* you, dear grandfather?"

"Well Amy, I'll *try*," he said; "and now I think I will sleep a little."

He turned his face toward the wall, and lay very quiet. Amy sat by him more than an hour; then she went out softly and made him some nice broth. When she came in with this, she thought that he had slept long enough; so, laying her hand lightly on his shoulder, she said, "Come, grandfather, wake up and take your broth before it gets cold!" But he did not wake. She stooped over him, and when she saw his face, she started with fear; it was so white, and the eyes were so sunken. She laid her hand on his forehead, and it was quite cold. Her grandfather was dead!

Then Amy flung herself down beside him, wound her arms about his neck, and cried aloud.

It happened that a stranger gentleman and his wife were at that moment passing the house in a travelling carriage, and hear-

ing the mournful cries of the poor girl, they alighted and came in. The first that Amy knew, she was lifted gently up from the bed, and when she looked round she saw a lady in deep mourning, who held her in her arms, and was striving to comfort her. She had never seen the sweet face of that lady before; but she loved her at once, and clung to her as though she were her own mother.

The strangers, Mr. and Mrs. Temple, had a little while before lost their only child, a daughter, about the age of Amy; and after hearing Amy's sad story, and seeing her lonely condition, they resolved to befriend her. They stayed in the village near by till after the funeral of Mr. Richards, waiting to take his grand-daughter home with them.

When Mr. Temple had led the weeping Amy out of the little log house, so many years her dear home, and handed her into his carriage, he was heard to tell the driver to drive rather slowly, so as not to hurry too

much lazy old Dolly, who was fastened behind.

Mr. and Mrs. Temple soon grew to loving Amy very much, and finally adopted her as their own daughter. They were wealthy, and thinking that she should have a fine education, they concluded to send her to a fashionable boarding-school. But, though Amy was clever, and proved to be a diligent scholar, she was neither happy nor healthy there. She grew so pale and languid, at last, that her friends took her home, and began to nurse her, and give her medicine. But, one morning, Mrs. Temple missed her from the sick room. She searched through the house, and at length found her in the kitchen, busy at the ironing-table. Then it was agreed upon that Amy should do some house-work every day, and study at home; and, I assure you, it was not long before she was in fine health and spirits.

Amy is a woman now, and has a house of her own to manage. She married a literary man — a poet, and a writer of stories.

I have heard it said that she took him instead of any one of her wealthy lovers, because she knew that, as his wife, she should not be obliged to play the fine lady, but would always have plenty of good hard work to do.

THE TORN FROCK. — A LITTLE STORY FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

I WAS the most unlucky child in the world in respect to my clothes. My frocks and aprons never kept whole, like those of other little girls, but somehow went to pieces before I knew it. If there was a brier in my path, it was sure to fasten itself to my pantalet, and tear the trimming off. If a nail protruded from a box, I was sure to come in contact with it, and find it was too much for me. If a rail had an ugly splinter, I was sure to undertake to get over the fence in that very place; and if there was a thorn-bush on my way from school, just as I was under full speed, my skirts were sure to be blown against it, and awful consequences to follow.

Some people said that these sad accidents happened to my clothes because I

never was slow or thoughtful, but did everything with a hop, skip, and jump. But I knew it was *luck*. I was born to have my frocks torn. My mother sometimes talked of dressing me in stout brown linen; but it would have been of no use. I don't think I should have been safe in a canvas frock and cassimere pantalets.

When I was between seven and eight years of age, my mother went away from home, to spend some months, and left us children under the care of a housekeeper. I suppose that the widow Wilkins was a very respectable, well-meaning woman; she kept the house neatly, sent us regularly to school, and gave us enough to eat; but I do think she was rather too hard on me for tearing my clothes. She did n't seem to believe in it being all ill luck. Sometimes I would steal slyly into the house, about dusk, with a rent in my frock carefully pinned up, hoping it would escape her notice; but she never failed to spy it out, and to be down upon me at once. You would have thought that

she mistook me for her bottle of bitters, labelled, "When taken, to be well shaken," she exercised me in such a remarkable manner; then she would settle me in my chair, as though she meant that I never should rise again on any occasion. But I did not care so much for these things as I did for her talk. Such long lectures as she would give me on my carelessness; such awful warning of the poverty and want I was bringing on myself; such dreadful stories she would tell of the melancholy end of little girls who kept on "slitting up" their frocks and rending their pinafores!

In late years, I have heard women speak in public — lecture and preach, sometimes talking very fast, and often quite loud and brave; but, even now, as I look back, I think the widow Wilkins was a wonderful woman with her tongue.

I did not improve under her severe rule. I am sorry to say that I rather grew worse; for now, when I was not careless

I was awkward, from fear of her, and blundered into tearing my clothes.

At last, our mother came home. How well I remember that morning! She arrived early, came to our beds, and waked us with her kisses. I remember how she laughed at our youngest, Albert, who did not know her at first, and as he was very bashful, hid under the bed-clothes, and when she caught him and pulled him out, said, joyfully, "O, it's you, mamma! I thought 't was *a lady*."

I remember that she brought the little fellow some toys, the like of which were never seen in our part of the country. There was a wee man, called "Merry Andrew," with a mouth on the broad grin, and you had only to pull a string to make him fling out his legs and throw up his arms in a surprising manner. There was a cobbler always mending a shoe that was never done, and a pasteboard cuckoo, which, with a little squeezing, would send forth a sound which we were so polite as to call singing.

This my little brother smashed the next day, to see what made the noise. But, most wonderful of all, was a village, the little white block-houses all standing in rows on a green board, and with little figures of men and women which you could move about. There was a meeting-house, with a sharp steeple; and when all was rightly fixed, a minister, with a very long face, was just going into the door, and the people were following him. But Albert turned this minister round, moved him across the street, and made him going into the tavern-door, which we told him was very wrong.

My sister Carrie and myself received each a pretty black-eyed doll, all dressed, and a new frock. Such splendid fine-lady dolls we had never before seen. Why, they actually had knee-joints and elbow-joints, and red Morocco shoes! Our frocks were of fine buff lawn, figured with the tiniest white rose-buds in the world; and our mother made them in some wonderful new fashion,

which almost threw us into convulsions of delight.

There was in a distant part of the yard, surrounding our house, an old apple-tree, among the lower branches of which I had a favorite seat, which I used to reach by the help of a board, leaned against the trunk of the tree. Two or three crooked limbs formed an easy seat, and one higher up made a nice shelf for books and playthings.

I have heard that the great poetess, Mrs. Hemans, when a little girl of seven, had such a perch, where she read Shakspeare. I never undertook such fine reading in my apple-tree, but I read "The Babes in the Wood" and "Goody Two-Shoes" there, with great pleasure; and, though I was no genius, I rather think I understood them quite as well as she understood her grand old Shakspeare. On my shelf, in pleasant weather, I kept two rather plainly-dressed cloth-dolls, called Polly and Betsy; and to these I went to complain when I had been ill-used at school, or widow Wilkins' scold-

ing had been more than I could bear. I liked to talk to these two friends, they listened so respectfully, never interrupting or contradicting me. I can't say that they comforted me, as I was obliged to say everything for them; but they never blamed me, or in any way took sides against me.

When, for the first time, I was dressed in my new buff lawn, and it had been admired by all in the house, I felt that I really must give Polly and Betsy a sight of it; and soon I was up in my lofty seat, spreading out my fine gown, and talking of the color, the fit, the ruffles and tucks, in two little admiring voices, which I made believe came from the pink button-hole mouths of Polly and Betsy. When they had said all the pretty and strong words I could think of, I very uncivilly forgot their presence, took up my book, and began to read. The day was sultry, I was tired; the story was an old one, and, at last, I fell fast asleep. When I awoke, some time after sunset, I found that one of my mischievous

brothers had taken the board away from the tree, and that I must get down as best I could. I was too proud and independent to call for help, though I knew the boys must be somewhere near, but jumped at once. As usual, I forgot to gather my frock around me; and, as I leaped from my perch, there came an awful sound!—a sound I knew too well. As I rose from the ground and looked about me, I found that my beautiful new frock was torn half across one breadth, in that hateful zigzag way that my frocks were always tearing. Of course, the first thing I did was to sit down and have a good cry; then I stole up to my chamber by the back stairs, took off my buff lawn, folded it, laid it away in my drawer, and put on an old gingham frock, feeling that it was vastly too good for me.

After a while, I went down to supper, though I felt sure I could not swallow a mouthful. As I took my seat at the table, my brother Rufus looked up from his bowl of bread and milk, and said, "O ho! you've

come down, have you? I thought you had gone to roost for the night."

I wished to make a clean breast of it, and tell all to my mother, but did not dare, for fear she would punish me, or give me what widow Wilkins had taught me to dread a thousand times more — a severe scolding. That night, oh, how I longed to have some kind fairy come, when I was fast asleep, and nicely darn my torn frock! I thought, too, that the wicked being, whose name I never then dared to speak, and even now would rather not mention,— that the evil one would not be so very bad, after all, if he would go about *sewing tears* for poor unlucky little girls while they slept!

The next day, at noon, my mother said that I need not go back to school, but might go with her to spend the afternoon at a neighbor's house, a most pleasant place. I knew that she would tell me to wear my new buff lawn; so I answered, "I would rather go to school, if you please." My mother was surprised at this, but she praised

me for being so fond of my books. How ashamed I felt at her praises! That night, she told me that she had invited some little girls of the house where she had visited to spend the next afternoon with me. In the morning, I longed more than ever to tell her all; I even began,—but the words seemed to choke me, and I ran away to school without having confessed. I knew I should be required to put on the lawn; and I lingered on the way home, and paused a long time on the door-step, fearing to go in, because then my secret must come out. At last, I softly opened the door, and stepped into the sitting-room. My mother sat by the window, sewing. I went up to her so quietly that she did not hear me. In her lap lay my new buff frock, and she was putting the last stitches into the nicest piece of darning ever done in the world! I started with both joy and alarm, and my mother looked round with a smile, saying, "Why, my little daughter is late to-day!" and that was all! I knelt down by her

side, hid my face in her lap, had a hearty cry, and felt better. The girls soon came, and we had a happy afternoon.

My mother said nothing about my frock for days after,—not even to ask how I had torn it. But her silent, forbearing kindness did more to make me careful in future than any punishment or scolding could have done. Yet I still tore my frocks occasionally; and, even now, I sometimes tear my best dresses, and expect to tear them, as long as I live.

When, a year or two after my apple-tree adventure, I saw my sister Sophie cutting up my out-grown buff lawn for a bed-quilt, I begged a scrap containing that nicely-darned rent, which I had always thought the prettiest part of the frock, and laid it carefully away among my little treasures, where I kept it for many years, as "a specimen of my mother's fine needle-work," I told others, but, in truth, as a reminder of her patience and goodness toward her careless and luckless child.

THE RAINBOW-PILGRIMAGE.

ONE summer afternoon, when I was about eight years of age, I was standing at an eastern window, looking at a beautiful rainbow, that, bending from the sky, seemed to be losing itself in a thick, swampy wood, about a quarter of a mile distant. We had just had a violent thunder-storm; but now the dark heavens had cleared up, a fresh breeze was blowing from the south, the rose-bushes by the window were dashing rain-drops against the panes, the robins were singing merrily from the cherry-trees, and all was brighter and pleasanter than ever. It happened that no one was in the room with me, then, but my brother Rufus, who was just recovering from a severe illness, and who was sitting, propped up with pillows, in an easy-chair, looking out, with me, at the rainbow.

"See, brother," I said, "it drops right down among the cedars, where we go in the spring to find winter-greens!"

"Do you know, Gracie," said my brother, with a very serious face, "that if you should go to the end of the rainbow, you would find there purses filled with money, and great pots of gold and silver?"

"Is it truly so?" I asked.

"Truly so," answered my brother, with a smile. Now, I was a simple-hearted child, that believed everything that was told me, although I was again and again imposed upon; so, without another word, I darted out of the door, and set forth toward the wood. My brother called after me as loudly as he was able, but I did not heed him. I cared nothing for the wet grass, which was sadly drabbling my clean frock; on and on I ran; I was so sure that I knew just where that rainbow ended. I remember how glad and proud I was in my thoughts, and what fine presents I promised to all my friends, out of my great riches.

Father should have a pair of new gold-rimmed spectacles, and a silver tobacco-box. Grandmother should have a gold snuff-box, and silver knitting-needles. I would allow my mother two or three purses of money, but would reserve the right to lay it out for her, in gayer dresses and caps than her grave taste would allow her to purchase. My eldest sister should have a white horse, with the longest possible tail, and a crimson side-saddle, with a silver stirrup. To my sister Carrie and myself I promised rings, necklaces, breast-pins, silk dresses and false curls, in great abundance. My elder brothers should have watches, guns, silver fish-hooks, and each a scarlet soldier-coat, and a pair of green velvet pantaloons. For Albert, the youngest, I would buy a rocking-horse, that should whinny when he should mount it, as his cuckoo had sung when squeezed. Carlo should have a new red Morocco collar, hung with silver bells; and I even resolved to furnish a silver ring for the nose of my pet pig, Nuggie

So thinking, and laying delightful plans, almost before I knew it, I had reached the cedar-grove, and the end of the rainbow was not there! But I saw it shining down among the trees a little further off; so on and on I struggled, through the thick bushes and over logs, till I came within the sound of a stream which ran through the swamp. Then I thought, "What if the rainbow should come down right into the middle of that deep, muddy brook!" Ah! but I was frightened for my heavy pots of gold and silver, and my purses of money. How should I ever find them there? and what a time I should have getting them out! I reached the bank of the stream, and "the end was not yet." But I could see it a little way off, on the other side. I crossed the creek on a fallen tree, and still ran on, though my limbs seemed to give way, and my side ached with fatigue. The woods grew thicker and darker, the ground more wet and swampy, and I found, as many grown people had found before me, that there was

rather hard travelling in a journey after riches. Suddenly, I met in my way a large porcupine, who made himself still larger when he saw me, as a cross cat raises its back, and makes tails at a dog. Fearing that he would shoot his sharp quills at me, and hit me all over, I ran from him as fast as my tired feet would carry me. In my fright and hurry, I forgot to keep my eye on the rainbow, as I had done before; and when, at last, I remembered and looked for it, 'twas nowhere in sight! I suppose because it had quite faded away. When I saw that it was indeed gone, I burst into tears; for I had lost all my treasures, and had nothing to show for my pilgrimage but muddy feet, and a wet and torn frock. So I set out for home. But I soon found that my troubles had only begun; I could not find my way; I was lost. I could not tell which was east or west, north or south, but wandered about, here and there, crying and calling, though I knew that no one could hear me. All at once, I heard voices shouting

and hallooing ; but, instead of being rejoiced at this, I was frightened, fearing that the Indians were upon me ! I had never before been afraid of the Onondagas, who were a harmless, peaceful tribe ; but that week I had been listening to a novel called "The Wept of Wish-ton-wish," a story of the old Indian wars, which my mother had read aloud to my invalid brother. I remember how, one night, when I was thought abed and asleep, I was hid behind, or rather under, my brother's great arm-chair, with ears open and mouth close shut, scarcely daring to breathe, till I was found out by my sobs for the death of poor Uncas. Now, I thought of the cruel deeds of those bloody Indians of the old time, till, getting more and more alarmed, I crawled under some bushes, by the side of a large log, and lay perfectly still. I was wet, cold, scared,— altogether very miserable indeed ; yet, when the voices came near, I did not start up and show myself. At last, I heard my own name called ; but I remembered that

Indians were very cunning, and thought they might have found it out some way; so I did not answer. Then came a voice near me, that sounded like that of my eldest brother, who lived away from home, and whom I had not seen for many months; but I dared not believe the voice was his. Soon some one sprang up on to the log by which I lay, and stood there, calling. I could not see his face; I could only see the tips of his toes, but by them I saw that he wore a nice pair of boots, and not moccasins. Yet I remembered that some Indians dressed like white folks. I knew a young chief, who was quite a dandy; who not only

> "Got him a coat and breeches,
> And looked like a Christian man,"

but actually wore a fine ruffled shirt, *outside of all*. So I still kept quiet, till I heard shouted over me a pet name, which this brother had given me. It was the funniest name in the world. I don't know where he found it. I rather think he made it up himself,—"Roxana Kusberger!"

I knew that no Indian knew of the name, as it was a little family secret; so I sprang up, and caught my brother about the ankles. I hardly think that an Onondaga could have given a louder yell than he gave then; and he jumped so that he fell off the log down by my side. But nobody was hurt; and, after kissing me till he had kissed away all my tears, he hoisted me on to his shoulder, called my other brothers, who were hunting in different directions, and we all set out for home.

I had been gone nearly three hours, and had wandered a number of miles. Joseph's coming, and asking for me, had first set them to inquiring and searching me out.

When I went into the room where my brother Rufus sat, after I had had a bath and a change of dress, he said, "Why, my poor little sister! I did not mean to send you off on such a wild-goose chase to the end of the rainbow. I thought you would know I was only quizzing you."

I am afraid I made up a naughty face, as

I answered, "It was very cruel of you, and now I will not give you that fine rifle I was going to buy."

Then my eldest brother took me on his knee, and told me what the rainbow really was: that it was only painted air, and did not rest on the earth, so nobody could ever find the end; and that God had set it in the cloud to remind him and us of his promise, never again to drown the world with a flood.

"O, I think *God's promise* would be a beautiful name for the rainbow!" I said.

"Yes," replied my mother, "but it tells us something more than that he will not send great floods upon the earth,—it tells us of his beautiful love always bending over us from the skies. And I trust that when my little girl sets forth on a pilgrimage to find God's love, she will be led by the rainbow of his promise through all the dark places of this world, to 'treasures laid up in heaven,' better, far better than silver or gold."

DENNIS O'BRIEN.

Once, when I was quite a little girl, I went to spend a few months in the family of my uncle, Colonel Grove, who lived in an old country-house, on a large farm, some twenty or thirty miles from us. Here I was always as happy and contented as in my own home, as everybody was kind to me, and I was allowed to have pretty much my own way.

I found living at my uncle's an Irish lad, a sort of boy of all work, named Dennis O'Brien. He was about sixteen, but rather short of his age, with a broad, ruddy face, bright blue eyes, and auburn hair. Though not handsome, he looked frank and intelligent, and almost everybody liked him at first sight. He had always been industrious, — had earned enough money in Ireland to bring him to this country, — and he was now

working very hard, and saving every penny, so as to be able to send for his widowed mother and young sister. Was he not a noble boy?

Dennis and I struck up a great friendship, at once. In the long winter evenings, when there was company in the parlor, I liked nothing better than to sit by the great kitchen fire, and listen to his stories of Ireland, — especially of the Irish fairies, or "little folk," as he called them. But, though Dennis talked a great deal at these times, he was never idle, but was always making axe-helves, hoe-handles, or pudding-sticks, — which he sold in the neighborhood, — or small cross-bows and arrows for me, as I was much given to shooting at the barn-yard fowls, who took it all in good part, as they were seldom hit. I have now a little bow, and two arrows, whittled out of a shingle by the great General Houston, but which, I am sorry to say, do not come up to those my Irish friend used to make for me.

One evening, after sitting quite still for

some minutes, Dennis asked, in a humble way, if I would teach him to read. I was astonished; a boy sixteen years old not know how to read! But I ran for a spelling-book, and began at once to teach him. I never knew any one learn so easily and eagerly as he. I soon had him through a – b abs, but he stuck a while on "*Baker*." After that, all seemed smooth sailing, and we were in words of four and five syllables before we knew it. Ah, I was a proud girl about those days! I had never been a remarkably good scholar myself; I could count up on my fingers, without the aid of my toes, all the times I had been at the head of the second class in spelling. Now I found out that teaching was the work for me — to sit with the spelling lesson before me, so that there was no danger of my making mistakes, and laugh or look severe at the blunders of my pupil. I began to put on the airs of a school-ma'am, and begged a little old penknife of my aunt, with which I was always whittling hen's quills into tooth-

picks, and calling them pens; and if my pupil had been a little smaller, I don't know but I should have flourished a switch about his ears. He was so provokingly good, he never would have given me any occasion to use it; as it was, he scarcely gave me chances of reproving him enough to keep up my dignity.

When Dennis went from spelling to reading, I gave him, as a "reward of merit," a nice "New England Primer." I first set him to learning the verses beginning

> "In Adam's fall
> We sinned all."

"You know about Adam's fall, don't you, Dennis?" I said, very solemnly.

"Och, yes, Miss," he answered; "he fell from an apple-tree, in the Garden of *Aden*, — did n't he?"

"O Dennis," said I, "I 'm afraid your folks are heathens."

But Dennis got his lesson very well, only he would always say,

"*Goliah's* beauteous wife
Made David seek his life,"

when the good little book says it was *Uriah's* wife that did the mischief.

"Faith," he would say, "and did n't David go out to slay Goliah with a sling, and so *sake* his life?"

"But you don't suppose that little David would want to marry a big giant's wife — you stupid fellow!"

When Colonel Grove heard what I had been doing, he praised me very much; and when he found how anxious Dennis was to learn, he bought him books, and sent him to the district school. I was willing to let him go; for, to tell the truth, I was getting rather tired of teaching; besides, I sometimes suspected Dennis of slyly making fun of me; he certainly did not stand in much awe of his school-ma'am.

After school, Dennis used often to draw me on a large sled to the top of a steep hill, near the house, then sit down in front of me to steer with his feet, and down we would

go, like a flash! Ah, how I enjoyed the sport! One very cold evening, he took me out, wrapped in a warm cloak of my aunt's, and fearing that my feet would be cold, he drew this over them, and tied it down with his handkerchief. We were hardly started on the first course, before he happened to tip us over, and I began to roll down the hill. Dennis called to me to stop; but how could I stop, bagged up as I was? I rolled on, faster and faster, and did not pause till I was half across the pond, at the bottom of the hill.

My uncle had many maple-trees in his wood, from which he made sugar every spring. The place where this agreeable work was done was called "the sugar-camp;" there were great iron kettles, set upon large stones, for boiling down the sap, and bright fires kept burning under them; there was a shanty built of green hemlock boughs, quite nice and comfortable. Altogether, this sugar-camp was a very pleasant place. My aunt, her daughter and I, visited

it daily, and watched my cousin and Dennis at their work, which, though really hard, seemed to me to be half play.

One night Dennis happened to be all alone in the camp. We had just been "sugaring-off," and a dozen pans, filled with the nice, soft sugar, were standing in the shanty. My uncle had given Dennis all that he could make after that day; and, as you may suppose, the lad was very happy and proud.

Near midnight, he took his buckets, and went to some trees, at a distance, for more sap; and when he came back, he found a number of young men and boys in the shanty, making free with the sugar. He set down his buckets, and boldly shouted out, "This way, Colonel Grove! this way, Master Harry! Here are *thaves staling* your sugar."

In a minute, the cowardly fellows scattered and ran, crackling through the brushwood, and tumbling over one another in

their fright, leaving Dennis to laugh at his own wit.

How kind was Dennis always! I remember that this spring, when he was ploughing, he would let me sit on the little round of timber before him, with my feet on the plough, and sometimes even let me hold the reins. I don't suppose it would look very proper in me to indulge myself in that way now; but, to this day, I cannot think of any kind of riding half so pleasant.

I soon had an opportunity to repay Dennis for some of his kindness. One day, I was sent to carry him his dinner to a distant field, where he was ploughing with one horse, between the rows of corn. I found him unhitching his plough to come home. He said the little boy who had been riding the horse had been sent for by his mother, and he must give up for the day, though the corn needed ploughing sadly. "Stop, Dennis!" I said; "I'll ride horse for this afternoon." He laughed at me at first, but after a while agreed to let me try. I did

my best, and we got along famously. Though I went home at night dusty, tired, and sunburned, I felt that I had done my duty, and earned my supper of bread and milk.

After this visit, I did not see any more of Dennis, but I heard that at the end of the very next year he was able to send enough money to Ireland to bring over his mother and sister. He hired a little place for them in the country, which he afterwards bought. Though he still worked very hard through spring, summer, and fall, he gave every spare moment he could get to his books, and every winter attended school. At last, he had a fine education, and commenced the study of the law. Soon after he began to practise, he moved out West, and I heard no more of him.

Not many months ago, as I was crossing the Alleghany Mountains, a friend in the cars introduced a fine-looking gentleman to me as "Judge O'Brien, of Iowa." The stranger smiled as though he knew me very

well, and I thought I had seen his pleasant face before; but I could not tell when or where. There was a man sitting near us, holding a little model of a patent plough in his hand. This Judge O'Brien took for a moment, and pointing to the little round of wood between the handles, said, "When I was a farmer-boy, there was a little black-eyed gypsy of a child, who used to sit before me, on this part of the plough, and ride by the hour."

Then I knew him; but I only said,—"What a sad romp she must have been!"

We just then began to go down an inclined plane, very swiftly; and the judge said, with a sly smile,—

"This is very fast riding; but don't you think it is pleasanter to slide down a steep hill, on a sled, in the winter time?"

"Yes, Dennis," I answered, laughing, "if you don't let some awkward fellow tie you up, tip you over, and dump you down hill, like a bag of potatoes!"

After that, we had a long, lively talk

about old times; and then my friend told me of his success in the West; how he had made quite a fortune, had been appointed judge, and had married "the best wife in the world."

"I thank God," he said, "for bringing me to America, and giving me such friends."

But Dennis O'Brien would never have had such friends, if he had not himself been so good, so faithful, and industrious.

STRAWBERRYING.

One pleasant Saturday, in June, when I was about ten years of age, and my sister Carrie twelve, we had an unexpected visit from a little girl of the village,— Susan Smith, the merchant's daughter. We were happy to see her, but we really did not know what to do with her. She was no older than Carrie, and small of her age, but in her own opinion quite too much of a woman to play with dolls, though we had a pretty little house fitted up with every convenience (it had once been the smoke-house), and containing no less than fourteen inhabitants, of all sizes and conditions. She was quite too grand to take any notice of our pet dogs, cats, ducks or chickens, and too much of a little coward to mount Milly, and take a good gallop. At length, my mother proposed that we should go after

strawberries, to a meadow, about a mile distant. We joyfully agreed, and started off at once, with our baskets on our arms; all three,—or rather four, for Carlo, the pointer, was with us,—as merry and noisy as we could well be. Susan Smith said a great many bright things; at least, she laughed at them a good deal, and Carrie and I thought it no more than polite to laugh also. She had a brother Sam, of whom she was very proud, and she talked about him nearly all the way. It was very amiable in her to love her brother; but, between you and me, dear children, there are some better young men in the world than Sam Smith. I am sorry to say that he was a wild, idle fellow, that nobody knew much good of. As we were passing a field where my brothers were hoeing corn, Susan exclaimed, "Why, do your brothers do such work as that? Our Sam tends store in the day-time, and, in the evening, he dresses up, oh, so fine! and goes to parties and balls."

"Isn't it wicked to go to balls?" I asked. "My Sunday-school teacher says it is."

"Why," answered Susan, looking very much astonished at my stupidity, "didn't I tell you our Sam goes to balls?—and our Sam can't sin."

After crossing our farm, and passing through a piece of woods, we came upon the strawberry-plot. We had never found a great many here before, but this season they were very plentiful. We had only to part the high grass to find the ground all red with the ripe, luscious fruit. Sister and I went to work in good earnest, saying how pleasant it would be to take home our baskets quite full; but Susan soon complained of being tired. She would pick away diligently for a little while, and then lie down in the grass and eat all she had gathered. At last, as she lay looking up into the sky, she called to us to stop, and start for home, as a storm was surely coming on. We saw that the clouds were rolling up, dark and threatening; but our

baskets were not quite filled,—so we only picked the faster. Before we knew it, the rain was upon us. It was one of those pelting, soaking showers, which drive you to seek any shelter. There was but one house in sight,— a little log building, on the edge of the wood,— and to this we ran. The woman who came to the door knew my sister and me at once ; she had often spun yarn and woven linen for our mother. She took us into her one room, very kindly kindled a fire, and began to take off our wet clothes, declaring that we hadn't "a dry thread to our backs." She was all alone, she said, as her husband (her "old man," she called him) was "down to the village," and her son Jerry had gone "to his *grandther's;*" so we need not be afraid. But the poor woman was soon puzzled what to do. She had never had any little girls, and had but two spare dresses of her own,—one for my sister, and one for Susan. What was I to wear, while my clothes were drying ? Presently, she began to laugh; she

was a good-natured, funny old lady, and said she thought I would "become" Jerry's new summer suit. I refused to put it on, at first, saying I would rather go to bed for an hour or two; but she said she didn't want her nice bed tumbled and torn to pieces by children. I shall always suspect that worthy Mrs. Jones really wanted the fun of seeing me dressed in boy's clothes. Any how, she had her way, and I was soon rigged out in a pair of fine tow pantaloons, and a long-tailed striped linen coat, with great, shiny brass buttons.

Jerry was a big boy, of thirteen or fourteen,—so his clothes were not a very nice fit. The coat-tails nearly touched the floor and Mrs. Jones was obliged to roll up the cuffs several inches to get at my hands indeed, I felt very much at large in the whole suit.

O, how Susan and Carrie laughed at me! But they could not say much, for Mrs. Jones was a very stout person, and they looked like two old women in her great

brown gingham frocks, with the big balloon sleeves. Mrs. Jones told us that we should not make sport of one another; but I suspected her of sticking her head into the cupboard, two or three times, to hide her own laughter.

When she had made us "all nice and comfortable," as she said, she set out a little round table, covered it with a white cloth, placed on it some excellent bread and milk, hulled some of our strawberries, and invited us to sit up and take our dinner. She had had hers two hours before. We gladly obeyed. I helped the ladies politely, and behaved like a gentleman, as well as I knew how. I remember how Susan Smith took up her pewter spoon, turned it over and over, and looked at it very contemptuously, which was certainly rather ungrateful and uncivil. Mrs. Jones did not seem to mind it, but, as the rain had now ceased, she took our wet and soiled frocks, and carried them to a stream, a little way off, to rinse them. When she was gone, Susan com-

plained that she could hardly lift her spoon, and that she tasted the tin of her bright basin. She said she had never been used to eating bread and milk out of anything but a china bowl, with a silver spoon. I answered that these spoons were the best that Mrs. Jones had ; that they were clean and bright, and that I did not see but that bread and milk and strawberries tasted as good eaten from a tin basin as from grandmother's silver porringer. That hushed her at once. I don't think she had ever heard of a silver porringer before. I did not see but that Miss Susan ate as heartily as sister and myself. Fine ladies do not always have delicate appetites.

When the dinner-dishes had been cleared away, and our frocks were spread on chairs before the fire to dry, Mrs. Jones went up the ladder-stairs to her weaving, and left us to amuse ourselves as we could. I had lost my shame-facedness, and felt in very good spirits since dinner. Seeing an old hat of Jerry's hanging against the wall, I

took it down, placed it on my head, a little to one side, and began striding up and down the room, thrusting my hands into my pockets, and talking large, in a way very unbecoming to a little girl, but which I thought only brave and manly in a boy. Forgetting the length of the pantaloons, I somehow got entangled, and tripped myself up. But I was on my feet in an instant, as large as ever.

The girls, who were more prudent and kept their seats, laughed heartily at my fall.

"I think, sir," said my sister, "that you would walk more gracefully if you would shorten your suspenders — don't you say so too, Susan?"

"You be quiet, old ladies!" said I; "what do you know about suspenders, and such things?"

Just at that moment Carlo set up a loud barking, and I heard a whistle and a step near the door! I gave but one bound, and was under the bed! The quilt came down

low in front, and I felt quite safe. But, alas! those unlucky long coat-tails, with their shining buttons, betrayed me! They were partly left out, and Jerry Jones — for it was he who came in — saw them at once. "Why, how came my Sunday-coat under the bed?" he said, and, stooping down, he pulled me from my hiding-place. "Hello!" he cried, "what fellow is here, rigged out in my clothes? Let me see who you are, won't you?" And, while I struggled and cried, he laughingly pulled my hands away from my face. "Why," said he, "this boy is a girl! O, I know you now! But don't cry; this kind of dress is becoming to you, and my new suit never looked so handsome before, — don't cry!"

"Jerry Jones, do you clear out of the house!" called his mother from the top of the ladder. Jerry did not wait for another word, but took himself off. He stayed in the garden till our clothes were ironed, and we started for home, when he asked leave to go with us, and carry our baskets. All the

way, though he talked constantly, he never once spoke of catching me in such a ridiculous dress; and though I was so ashamed I could hardly say a word, even to thank him when he helped me over a fence, or a wet place, I liked him, and always liked him, from that day to this. Mrs. Jones, too, that good, kind woman, I must always think pleasantly of her. She and her "old man" were living on the same place, but in a new house, when I heard about them last. By great industry and economy, they were able to educate Jerry, to send him to college. He is a minister now; but, for all that, I don't believe he has grown too solemn to laugh whenever he remembers pulling me out from under the bed, by the long skirts of his striped linen coat.

TOM SHELBY'S VISIT TO THE COUNTRY

Near the home of my early childhood, there lived a plain but wealthy farmer, by the name of Austin. He was a pleasant, intelligent man, and his wife was an excellent woman. They had a fine family of children, — from Ann, about sixteen, down to Johnny, a bright little rogue of six. But the pleasantest and cleverest of all was Frank, the oldest son — a happy, handsome, hearty, funny fellow, whom everybody liked, although he was rather mischievous, and fond of playing off little tricks. More was pardoned to him than to any one else, because he was never ill-natured, even when he seemed most wild and lawless.

Mr. Austin had a sister married to a rich merchant of the city of Albany, Mr. Shelby, who had a son about the age of Frank, a good enough boy at heart, but rather wild in his

ways, and full of foolish, fine-gentleman notions. One spring, when Frank was about thirteen, he made a short visit to the city, and when he came home, brought his cousin with him to spend the summer and fall. It was whispered about the neighborhood that Master Tom was sent into the country because "his folks could n't manage him at home." I do not know that this was the case; but very likely the report was correct.

I was very intimate with Hattie Austin, one of the dearest and prettiest playmates of my childhood, and happened to be making her a visit when the boys arrived. Frank leaped down the steps first, embraced his mother heartily, and hugged all the children. Master Tom Shelby descended with slow dignity. He was dressed in a suit of fine blue broadcloth — the pantaloons tightly fitting, and strapped down under a pair of stylish, narrow-toed, high-heeled boots. His delicate hands were encased in dark kid gloves, and very much on one side of his head he wore a black velvet

cap, with a long dangling tassel. His hair was long and straight; — by the way, Frank could afterwards vex him very much by telling that it curled *naturally* in Albany, but that somehow it straightened out more and more, the further he travelled from French hair-dressers. I remember Tom so plainly because he was the first dandy I ever saw.

The first thing he did was to brush the dust from his polished boots with his cambric handkerchief; then, looking up to the driver, he drawled out, "Boy, will you hand me down my dressing-case?"

"Yes, grandfather," answered the good natured driver, taking off that elegant article, and the other baggage.

That afternoon, a number of the boys and girls of the neighborhood came to welcome Frank home, and to have a peep at the young stranger. I never shall forget the airs that fellow gave himself. He walked about the yard where we were at play, for all the world, as a fine peacock struts among

a crowd of pullets, ducks, and young roosters. How scornfully he eyed our homely clothes, and refused to join in our merry game of "tag," saying it was too rude and childish! Some of us took off our stockings and shoes, to run the faster, and he looked down at our bare feet with as much horror as though they had been hoofs or claws. But he soon found out, as some great people had done before him, that it was tiresome work to be grand. We let him alone, and he soon came down from his stilts. He began to talk about Albany · "We do this," and "We have that, in Albany;" everything was handsomer and finer there than in the country.

"Dreadful big of his Albany!" said little Johnny. I had read in my copy-book, that "God made the country, and man made the town," and I told him so, right to his face, and said I did n't think men had better set up to do things better than God.

"I don't know about that," he said; "but I do know that we city people put up

handsomer buildings than you country people ever dreamed of. My father, now, lives in a great *brass* house, with a *brick* knocker on it!"

What a laugh we had at his blunder!

In the morning, we all went to take a stroll in the woods. On the way, Tom amused himself, and, I must confess, us also, by telling of the tricks that, before he left home, he had played off on Frank, who, he said, was "as green as that meadow," pointing to a wheat-field. He had made his poor visitor drink the water from his finger-glass, for lemonade; had sent him to the Female Academy, telling him it was the Capitol; and to an undertaker's to buy a new trunk; and one evening he sent him home on the full run, by pointing to a watchman, and telling him that after one appeared in the streets all strange boys were liable to be dragged off to the watch-house. Frank laughed good-humoredly while Tom was relating these cunning exploits; but shook his head once in a while, as much as

to say, "Wait a bit, my lad, and I 'll pay you!"

As we were passing through a cow pasture, on the edge of the wood, we came upon a flock of geese, with a host of goslings, and a fierce old gander flew at us, hissing like a serpent. Tom started back, and called out, "Why, Frank, what is the matter with that great white goose, that it hisses so?"

"It does behave strangely," said Frank, quite soberly; "what can ail it? *Can it be that it has gone mad?*"

In a moment Tom took to his heels, and did not stop till he reached the wood, rods away. While we were screaming with laughter, Frank called out, "Stop, Tom! stop! — it 's only a gander; you 're the goose yourself!"

In the afternoon, Tom brought out his fishing-tackle, — his nice-jointed rods, his delicate lines, and his flies, — and invited Frank to go trouting with him. Though he talked large, as usual, Frank saw at once

that he knew little or nothing of that sort of fishing. So he started out with him, stopped at the first piece of water they came across, put his finger on his lip in token of silence, then lazily flung himself on the grass under a willow, to watch the sport. The little sheet of water was nothing but a frog-pond, weedy and muddy, where fish had never made their appearance. Tom had heard that trout were exceedingly shy, and went very softly to work, never speaking above a whisper to Frank. After about an hour, he concluded that flies were not inviting bait, and, by Frank's advice, used worms instead.

"Do they bite now?" whispered Frank, yawning, for he had taken a nice nap in the shade of the willow.

"No," said Tom, "but they begin to nibble;" and in a minute after he cried, joyfully, "Now I have one! Come, Frank, and help me out with it. I think it must be a salmon-trout."

But before Frank reached him, he pulled

up a great mud-turtle, which he had hooked by the leg. Frank rolled on the ground with laughter, and Tom did not soon hear the last of his fine "salmon-trout."

The next day, however, Frank took his cousin to a real trout stream, some miles distant, and taught him how to capture that most shy and delicious fish.

Not long after this, Tom proposed a hunt. Now, Frank was a good shot, but Tom knew about as much of hunting as he had known of trouting. Yet you would have supposed, from his way of talking, that he was a perfect Nimrod — a "mighty hunter." He had an elegant little fowling-piece, and all the accoutrements, even to a hunting-jacket of the latest English fashion. But, alas! his fine outfit brought him neither skill nor luck; he popped away incessantly, and, as the boys say, "killed nothing but powder." At last, Frank, who had separated from him, and had nearly filled his game-bag with squirrels and partridges, took pity on the poor fellow. He happened, himself, to have

shot an old owl, and, climbing a tree, he fixed this on a large limb, so that it looked very lifelike and natural. Then, going for Tom, he led him softly within sight of the game, telling him that there was a big bird of some sort, he might have for the shooting. Thinking that a big bird would require a big charge, Tom put in a double quantity of powder and shot, and the consequence was, that he was kicked clean over — boys will understand how. But he brought down the owl, and never would believe but that he had the first shot at him.

A few days after this, Mr. Austin said to his young guest, "I 've a letter from your father, my boy, and he tells me to set you to work, and get some of the nonsense out of you. I don't want to put you to hard labor; you may do as you please; but Frank, here, has been fooling about long enough, — he must go to work."

Tom turned up his aristocratic nose at the thought of *his* working on the farm; and when he saw Frank shoulder his hoe,

and go cheerfully over the hill to the corn-field, he wondered at and pitied him.

But Tom had somehow become attached to his good-natured playmate; and, as he idled away hour after hour of the pleasant morning, through the house and about the yard, he found himself very lonely and stupid.

By the middle of the afternoon of the second day, he felt that he really could not stand it any longer; so paid a visit to the corn-field, "just to see how they got along," he said. After watching his cousin a while, he went to Mr. Austin, and asked for a hoe,—"just to help Frank a little." His uncle gave him one, with a smile, telling him to be careful of his fine clothes. Though Tom found that this work was even harder than fishing for trout in a frog-pond,—though it made his back ache, and almost blistered his hands,—yet he liked it, and hoed his row bravely. The next morning, after an early breakfast, he drew on an old pair of boots, rolled up his pantaloons,

shouldered his hoe, and set out with the other workmen, feeling very stout and important. In the course of the week, he found in his room a regular farmer's suit of clothes, — more easy than elegant, — of strong, but cool material. These he put on with much pleasure; indeed, it was soon hard to persuade him to dress himself in broadcloth, even to go to church. He said that, in tow jacket and corduroy trousers, a man had room, — a man could do as he pleased, — and that a good straw hat was *the* thing for a man, after all.

Mr. Austin gave his nephew a small piece of land in the corn-field, for a melon-patch. Tom planted and cultivated it, and was very proud of the thriving condition of his water-melons and canteleups. It happened that a neighboring farmer had a fine melon-patch in the very next field. This Mr. Johnson was a cross, disobliging man, on whom the boys loved to play little mischievous tricks, — so I suppose Tom did not think he was proposing anything wicked, when he said

to his cousin, one evening in September "Frank, let's go, to-night, and hook old Johnson's water-melons!"

"Do you mean *steal* them, Tom?" asked Frank.

"Why, yes; if you've a mind to call a little fun by such a hard name. I don't see, for my part, what harm there could be in taking a few water-melons from such a stingy old fellow."

Frank, with all his wildness, had never been guilty of a mean or a dishonest act; yet now, after thinking a moment, he agreed to go with his cousin, but persuaded him to wait till the moon was down, and it was quite dark. Then, by a roundabout way through the woods, he led Tom *to his own melon-patch*, where he told him to hurry and fill the basket, while he kept watch at a little distance. He afterwards said that he never came so near dying with silent laughter, as he did when he saw Tom creeping softly about on all fours, stealing his own melons, thinking that they were Mr. John

son's! At last, hearing some noise near,— a cow, or a colt, perhaps,— he shouted, "Run, Tom! run! Look out for old Johnson!"— and started for home, at full speed. Tom followed fast, breathing hard, and dropping a melon or two, in his fright. But he reached the house with three fine ones, of which he ate enough to make him so ill that he was obliged to lie abed and take medicine the next forenoon. At night, when he was much better, Frank confessed the trick he had played off; and, I assure you, the poor fellow made up a worse face at the story than he had at the bitter dose of the morning. Yet he did not keep anger long, and he never forgot the hard lesson he had learned,— never attempted to steal again, even from himself.

Tom Shelby was more and more liked, the longer he stayed with the Austins; and in little more than half a year he grew to be a sensible, industrious, agreeable lad. So much did he become attached to his cousin, that he could not be persuaded to

return home without him ; and it was finally agreed that Frank should be sent to one of the excellent schools in Albany, and that the two friends, if they remained good boys, should be educated together.

I remember the day they left us. They were to go by stage some twenty miles, to the town of S——. It was a keen morning in November, yet these two hardy, ruddy-cheeked boys chose to ride outside, with the driver. The night before, they had gone all about the neighborhood, to bid their friends good-by; and everybody, even old Johnson, was sorry to see the merry lads go. Tom had laid out a generous portion of his pocket-money in parting gifts,— from a "Pilgrim's Progress," in large type, for grandmother Austin, to a bag of painted marbles for little Johnny. But to Hattie, his favorite, he made half a dozen handsome presents, for her "to remember cousin Tom by," he said. If he could have known how she cried over them, when he was gone, he

would have been both glad and sorry, I think.

After the boys had taken a hearty leave of us all, and clambered to their seats, while the driver was gathering up the reins, Tom called out, "If any of you happen to meet a slender, long-haired, milky-faced young dandy, from Albany, who was about here for a while last spring, just bid him good-by for me, for I never shall see him again."

THE TWO LADIES FROM THE CITY.

It was near Christmas time, and Frank Austin was at home for the holidays, having with him his cousin, Tom Shelby. The friends, now nearly sixteen, were as full of merriment, as fond of laughter, and all sorts of innocent fun, as ever. Ah! such wild times as we all had together, for more than one of my brothers might be counted on, at any time, for any kind of a frolic.

It happened that Mr. and Mrs. Austin went to the town of S——, for a day or two, on business, they said, which we suspected meant little else than the purchase of Christmas gifts. They left Ann, the eldest daughter, as housekeeper. By the way, I have scarcely mentioned Ann. She was a kind-hearted, clever girl, but was a little spoiled by reading novels, and by some grand ideas of style and fashion, which nobody knew how she

came by. For instance, she disliked her plain name, and always wanted to be called Antoinette. Her brothers called her by that romantic name, when they wanted buttons sewed on, or hats lined; if they wished to see her vexed, they called her Ann; but they must make up their minds to be chased out of the house with the broom-stick, if they called her "*Nanny.*" She really loved hard work, and yet she was ashamed to be caught at it. Once, I remember, in house-cleaning time, while she was washing the kitchen-floor, in an old gown, with her sleeves rolled up, and no stockings on her feet, the minister called. No one heard his knock, and he walked through the sitting-room, into the kitchen, where Ann was making a great splashing with her mop. When she caught sight of that solemn man, she screamed, dropped her mop, and jumped through an open window, right into the rain-water trough.

But Ann was the pleasantest sort of a housekeeper while her mother was gone,

and we had things quite to our liking. I say we, for I was visiting Hattie that week. To be sure, there was old grandmother Austin, always sitting in the warmest chimney-corner; but she was amiable, and so deaf and sleepy that she did not interfere with us much.

One afternoon, at supper, Ann talked a good deal with Frank and Tom about two young ladies from Albany, Miss Flagg, and Miss Dillingham, who were visiting some friends in the village. Ann had made an early call on them, but did not see them, —they were not at home; and now she was fretting because the call had not been returned.

After supper, I noticed Frank and Tom whispering together, and presently they said they were going to our house, to see my brothers for a little while; and, putting on their caps, they went off, running merrily down the road, and chasing each other with snow-balls.

In the course of an hour, a sleigh came

jingling up to the house; two ladies got out, came to the door, and knocked, rather loudly. Mrs. Austin's only hired girl was out for the evening; Hattie and I were too bashful to go to the door; so Ann was obliged to open it herself. "Is Miss Antoinette Austin at home?" asked one of the ladies, in a little, mincing voice. "Yes, ma'am," answered Ann. "Well, then, my good girl," said the other lady, with a toss of her head, "will you inform her that Miss Flagg and Miss Dillingham have called?" "Why, I am Miss Antoinette Austin, myself."

"O, I beg your pardon," said Miss Dillingham, while she and her friend walked forward and took the chairs which Ann offered them; but they would not sit very near the fire, or the candle, and kept their black lace veils partly over their faces.

"Grandmother," said Ann, "these are some ladies from the city,—Miss Flagg and Miss Dillingham."

"Who?" said the poor, deaf old lady

"Miss *Ragg* and Miss *Dinner-horn*, did you say?"

"No, grandmother," answered Ann, speaking loud in her ear, "Miss Flagg and Miss Dillingham!"

"Yes, yes, I hear; *Miss Lagg and Miss Dinghammer*."

The ladies laughed outright at this, and poor Ann grew very red in the face. But she sat down and began conversing with her visiters, about Albany. I don't suppose that she knew it, but she talked very affectedly, indeed, in a little, fine voice, nobody ever heard her use before. She spoke of the city as though she knew all about it, and once in a while she brought out a French word, but pronounced it so queerly that Miss Flagg made her repeat it, and, even then, did n't seem to understand it. Once she asked, "Do you know my aunt, Mrs. Mayor Shelby?"

"No," answered Miss Dillingham, "but I know Mrs. Alderman Shelton."

Hattie and I sat on a settee, near the

fire, watching the grand visiters. "An't it funny," whispered Hattie, "that such little voices come out of such great mouths!"

"Yes," I answered, "and haven't they big feet, for such fine ladies!"

I think that Miss Flagg heard me, for she drew her feet under her cloak. Then I noticed that both her cloak and bonnet were like those my eldest sister wore, and that Miss Dillingham's were a good deal like my mother's. I felt proud to know that my mother and sister were in the fashion.

After a rather short call, the ladies rose, made each a great courtesy, and took leave. As we watched them from the window, getting into the sleigh, I thought the boy that drove looked strangely like my brother Will.

In about half an hour, the boys came home. Hardly were they in the house before Ann cried out, "O, you don't know what you have missed! Miss Flagg and Miss Dillingham have been here, and

oh, such elegant, genteel young ladies as they are! I never was so provoked in my life, for Susan was gone, and I was obliged to be waiter myself; they actually took me for a servant-girl. But you should have seen them! — such airs! Just proud and haughty enough, I think."

"Well, I say," spoke up old Mrs. Austin, "that they are two pert, affected hussies, with no manners at all."

"Why, grandmother," said Ann, "you have always lived in the country, and don't exactly know what *is* genteel."

"I know," said Mrs. Austin, raising her voice, "that it 's not the sign of a lady to grip a body's hand as they did; and no real lady or gentleman would giggle out loud at a deaf old woman's mistake."

"You are very right, grandmother," said Frank, "and Tom and I beg pardon for our rudeness."

"What *do* you mean?" asked Ann.

"Why, Nanny," said Frank, mimicking

her, "do you know my aunt, Mrs. Mayor Shelby?"

"You good-for-nothing, hateful fellows! how dare you play off such a trick on me?" said Ann, laughing and crying all at once, while we set up a perfect shout. But the boys soon soothed her, by promising not to tell her father, who loved dearly to tease her about any such foolish little thing. I saw how it was: the boys had been dressed at our house, had come in our sleigh to make their visit; and I was not sure that my mother and sister were in the fashion, after all. But I enjoyed the joke, rather more than Ann, I think. Yet she profited by it, certainly, for she was never known to talk in an affected or boasting way again. The real ladies, from the city, came to see her, a day or two after. They were nice, quiet girls, with frank, easy manners, and liked Ann so well, on acquaintance, that they persuaded her to spend some time with them the next winter, when she visited her aunt, in Albany. Then she saw city-life

without having her head turned by its grandeur, but came home loving the country,—the dear, free, fresh, healthful country,—better than ever.

The spring after that merry Christmas-time, we moved from our old home, further west, and saw no more and heard very little of the Austins. I parted from Hattie with great sorrow. We solemnly agreed to love each other dearly, for ever and ever; we exchanged locks of hair, and she promised to take care of the cat I left behind me.

A year or two since, I received a call from a "Dr. Austin," whom I recognized, at once, as my old friend Frank. I was glad to see that he was as healthy and hearty, as fond of laughter and fun, as ever. He brought me a short letter from his sister Ann, who wrote that they still lived in the old place; that her mother had been dead three or four years, and that Hattie was married, and living near; that was all the news she told me. "Why, Frank," I said,

"Ann does not tell me the name of Hattie's husband."

"Ah, haven't you heard?" he replied, "it's cousin Tom Shelby. His father couldn't make a merchant, a lawyer, a minister, or a doctor, out of him; he would be nothing but a farmer. So he bought old Johnson's place, married our Hattie, and settled down to farming, as happy as a king."

"O, I am very glad to hear it!" I said. "But how is this, Frank! I see, by your sister's letter, that she does not write her name *Antoinette* any more."

"Why, no," he answered; "she calls herself '*plain Ann*,' now; but no one else calls her so, for, I assure you, my sister is a very pretty woman; and she is better than pretty, she is good; you know she always was, — but now more than ever, for, since mother died, she has been like a mother to us all."

PART SECOND.

THE AUNT FROM THE WEST.

In the eastern part of the State of New York, there once lived two sisters, Sarah and Jenny Starr. They were left orphans when very young, and had been adopted by some kind relations; but Sarah, who was four or five years the oldest, took almost all the care of Jenny. Sarah was a good, motherly girl, very prudent and serious; she was plain in all but a pair of large, dark brown eyes, and a great mass of curly black hair. But she thought nothing of herself, so dearly did she love her little sister. And Jenny was, indeed, a darling child, with a far prettier face than Sarah's, and the gladdest heart in the world. She would play, and laugh, and sing, all the day

long. No one ever saw Jenny sad, or out of humor; but, perhaps, this was partly because, being so beautiful and so prettily dressed always, everybody was kind to her, and indulged her. It is easy for such petted children to be happy and good-natured. But, any way, it was a pleasant sight to see her dancing about here and there, chasing butterflies, hunting flowers, frolicking with her pretty spaniel Fido, laughing like a little silver brook, and singing like some merry mocking-bird; most often with her gypsy hat fallen back from her head, and her long bright curls floating in the wind.

When Jenny was only sixteen, she was married to a Mr. Silsbee, a very wealthy gentleman, and went to live in a beautiful place, near the town where she was born. She had an elegant house, surrounded with trees and flowers, and everything delightful about her.

Soon after this, Sarah was also married to a young man who had loved her a number of years, but whom she had not been

willing to marry until she could see her sister Jenny living in a home of her own Henry Williams was not rich, but he was a good, amiable person. Sarah loved him, and was very happy to be his wife. He was a physician, and soon took her with him to the far west, thinking that he might do better there than in the east.

The sisters grieved much at parting. Both wept a great deal, — Jenny the most violently, and Sarah the longest. But they hoped to see each other before a very long time.

In about two months, Jenny had a long letter from her sister. Dr. Williams had bought some land, and built a little frame house, in a beautiful oak-grove, on one of the great western prairies. Sarah wrote very cheerfully, and begged her sister to come out and make her a visit, in a year or two. But Jenny was indolent, and dreaded the trouble of journeying, which was much greater at that time than it is now. So she was always promising, but never went

to see her sister ; neither did she write to her regularly. Sarah grew tired of writing long letters, which received short answers, or none at all, and wrote herself less often ; and, at last, the sisters, who, in childhood, had been such close and loving companions, scarcely heard from one another once a year. Yet they loved each other still, though the thoughtful Sarah remembered the dear old times oftener than the light-hearted Jenny.

And so eight long years went by. Jenny was yet as happy as ever. Her husband was very fond of her, and she still had all around her that her heart could desire. First, among the good things that God had given her, were three lovely children,— two boys, Georgie and Willie, and one daughter, " little Kate."

Jenny made a funny sort of a mother. She was just like a child with her children ; would romp and laugh with them, run races, and play with balls, kites, kittens and doll-babies. And Jenny looked like a child

herself. She was short and plump, with dimpled cheeks, rosy lips, bright curls, and twinkling blue eyes. Any little boy or girl would be very unreasonable to ask a merrier playmate than Jenny Silsbee.

To Sarah had been given two daughters, whom she had named for her mother and sister, Alice and Jenny. They were not so pretty as the children of Mrs. Silsbee, for the climate of the new country proved unhealthy, and they were always pale and sickly. But their father and mother loved them all the more dearly and cared for them the more tenderly for that. Mrs. Williams was also often sick, and her husband did not have much practice; so they were quite poor. But the doctor was a proud man, and did not ask his friends in the east for assistance; and Sarah was also too independent in her feelings to write to her wealthy sister for help. She did not doubt but that Jenny would be glad to give it; but she knew it must come from Mr. Silsbee, and she did not wish to have the

doctor indebted to him, for Sarah was only proud for her husband.

One chilly autumn day, about sunset, Mrs. Silsbee was sitting in a comfortable arm-chair, before a bright fire, in her handsome parlor, stitching away at some worsted-work. After quite tiring herself out frolicking with her children, she had turned them into the hall to finish their play by themselves. Suddenly, she heard the dog barking furiously in the yard; and, soon after, Georgie and Willie burst into the parlor, crying, "O, mamma! come into the hall! there is such a queer-looking old woman there, with such a funny plaid cloak, and such an old old-fashioned bonnet on!"

Half dragged by her merry boys, Mrs. Silsbee went into the hall. At her first look on the stranger's old-fashioned dress, Jenny laughed with the children, she was so childish. But, in a moment, she saw that the woman was poor, for her clothes were much worn; that she had been sick,

for her face was thin and pale; and that she was probably tired, for she carried a heavy carpet-bag on her arm.

So Jenny said, kindly, "Will you not be seated? And pray tell me what I can do for you, my good woman."

"Don't you know me?" replied the stranger, sadly. Jenny shook her head.

The woman took off her bonnet, and, as she did so, her hair fell on her shoulders,—Sarah's own curly black hair. "Now, don't you know me, Jenny?" she cried, her great brown eyes filled with tears. Jenny sprang toward her, caught her in her arms, and then the sisters kissed one another, and wept together. The children were sadly puzzled to know what all this meant; but they cried too, clinging to their mother. At last, Mrs. Silsbee said to them, "This, children, is your aunt Sarah, from the west, whom I have told you so much about. Come, and kiss her." And they kissed her very affectionately.

When they were all seated around the fire, in the parlor, Jenny said,

"Now, dear sister, do tell me what this means! Why do you come to us alone, and in this condition?"

Sarah replied calmly, "It means, Jenny, that my husband is dead. He was ill a long time with the fever, and the expenses of his sickness made us very poor. I was obliged to sell everything, to get money enough to bring me to you."

"But your children,—where are they?" Jenny asked.

"They died before their father."

"What, both?"

"Yes, both," answered Sarah,—"my two dear little girls. So, Jenny, I would have no children to make sport of you, should you come, poor and alone, to see me."

"O, sister, sister, don't say anything about that again, but forgive me and the children!" said Jenny, weeping; and lifting Sarah's dry, bony hand, she kissed it in a

humble, loving way. But Willie looked up in her face, and said, stoutly, though his lip quivered all the while,

"Why, Aunt Sarah, we didn't know it was *you*, or we wouldn't have laughed at your queer old bonnet. Now, you may wear two or three such bonnets, one on top of the other, and we won't make fun of you."

Even the sad aunt laughed at this funny speech. Jenny and the other children joined in, and they all made friends.

Mr. Silsbee soon came in to tea. He seemed very glad to see his sister-in-law, and welcomed her to his home.

Afterwards, he and his wife did all they could to make Sarah comfortable and happy; the children grew very fond of their gentle aunt, who seemed to love them almost as well as though they were her own. One lesson she taught them by her coming: never to be rude to strangers, or to laugh at any person for wearing a poor or old-fashioned dress.

Sarah grew better in health, and became quite cheerful; yet often, at sunset, she would sit by the windows, looking out toward the west. At such times, Jenny would cease laughing and chatting, and the children would gather about their aunt, very still and sorrowful, for they knew she was thinking of their uncle Henry, and the "two dear little girls," Alice and Jenny, all lying in their lonely graves, in the distant prairie land.

She has left her husband sleeping,
With a child on either side;—
Did he hope so soon to meet them,
That he wept not when they died?

Brightly on the mound above him,
And above each little grave,
Soon all golden, blue and crimson,
Shall the western wild-flowers wave.

Though thou 'rt far, sad wife and mother,
From the home so dear to thee,
Where the long grass of the prairies
Rolls in billows like the sea,

Grieve not for thy babes, for sickness
Pains no more their tender breasts,
And their father, worn and weary,
Close beside them sweetly rests

Though upon their graves thy tear-drops
  Fall no longer with the dew,
Till the stars come out in heaven,
  And the moon rolls up the blue,

God's good angels guard their grave-rest,
  In the distant prairie land;
God shall bring you all together,
  In a heavenly household band.

LITTLE CHARLIE'S WILL.

Walter and Charlie Harrison were the sons of a sea-captain, and lived in one of the fine old seaport towns of Massachusetts.

These boys were as unlike as two brothers could well be. Walter was a rough, plain boy, large of his age, and rather clumsy, with a passionate, jealous temper, which gave his friends a great deal of trouble. But he had some noble qualities: he was as brave as a young lion, faithful, diligent, perfectly honest and truthful, and sometimes very tender in his feelings. Charlie, some two years younger than Walter, was a delicate, beautiful, sweet-tempered boy, who loved everybody, and in return was greatly beloved. He was fair, pale, and slight, with blue eyes and golden curls. Walter said he looked like a girl, and sometimes laughed at his delicacy; but, for all that,

he was jealous of the poor child's beauty—even of his weakness.

Captain Harrison was most of the time at sea, and his gentle wife found it difficult to control the impatient spirit, or correct the even more unamiable moodiness, of her eldest son. If she reproved him sternly, he would often accuse her of being partial to her youngest and handsomest son, and say that she petted and indulged Charlie so much, that he could not be disobedient, or give her any trouble; he himself, he said, would be good, if he were so treated.

Walter really thought himself slighted and unloved, because he knew he was very plain, and he saw his sickly brother cared for constantly. He never seemed to think how ridiculous it would look in his mother to be nursing and petting a stout, healthy boy, who was one of the strongest wrestlers, and the best hand with the ball, in all the town.

Walter, with all his fine health, was often silent and sullen, while his brother was sel-

dom too ill to be talkative and cheerful; so it was very natural for visiters to notice Charlie the most, and, as they supposed he needed amusing, to send him books and to make him presents most frequently. All this "partiality" was shown to him, Walter said, because *he* happened to have a plain face, and did n't know how to put himself forward. Charlie was grieved at this, and always wished to share his gifts with his brother; but Walter could never be persuaded to accept anything.

One time, when Charlie was about ten years old, his mother had a visit from a pious maiden aunt, who spent some weeks in the family. During Miss Hannah Perkins' stay, she became much attached to quiet little Charlie; but as Walter gave way to his temper, two or three times, before her, and made sport of some of her queer ways, she did not like him over-much, though she thought he might be made a good boy of, with proper management. She wondered how his mother could let such fits

of passion and such naughty tricks pass without severe punishment. If he were *her* child, she said, she would soon whip that bad temper out of him. But Mrs. Harrison believed that one blow would put more evil passion into the heart of such a proud boy as Walter than she could ever get out.

She never failed seriously to reprove his faults and wrong actions; and she knew — what she told no one — that Walter would always come to her, after an outburst of impatience or bad feeling, and ask her forgiveness. She knew that he loved her, his father, brother and little sister, intensely: so she was patient, and prayed God to soften the heart and subdue the temper of her unhappy child.

A short time after Aunt Hannah returned home, she sent the boys each a book. Charlie's happened to be opened first. It was a handsome illustrated copy of "Robinson Crusoe." Walter then eagerly opened his own, which was rather gayly bound. It was "*The Memoirs of a Sunday-school Scholar.*"

Walter flung it down, saying, angrily, "What did the old maid send me this for, I wonder? I have had enough of such things out of the Sunday-school Library. She did not send you such a humdrum sort of a book, Charlie. I suppose she thought you were pious enough, without."

"O brother," said Charlie, "don't talk so hard. I am sure Aunt Hannah meant very kindly by us both."

Walter took up his book, and began looking through it; but he soon broke out again, —"Pshaw! just as I thought; nothing but 'early piety,' 'early piety.' Why could n't she have sent me some story about wars, or pirates, or even Indians? I am tired to death of 'early piety!'"

"You will never trouble your friends with it, my son," said Mrs. Harrison, who had just entered the room. Walter started and blushed; he did not know that his mother was so near. But he replied, sullenly, "I wish I might not trouble them in any way, any longer. It would be better for all if I

were dead and buried; for I 'm of no use in the world, and nobody loves me."

After having said these unkind words, Walter took his ball-club, and went out on to the village-green, where the boys were already at play. Charlie soon followed; not to mingle in the sport, for he was not strong enough for that, — but he loved always to watch his brother, and felt proud of his skill and strength.

After about a half-hour's play, many of the boys set out for home, as a hard storm seemed coming on. The clouds were rolling up thick and black, the lightnings flashed, and the thunder broke overhead. Walter Harrison, who had appeared half angry in all his play, was now leaning against the side of the church, within a yard or two of the lightning-rod. The boys called to him to come away, as he was in a dangerous place; but Walter would not stir. Charlie ran up to him, and begged him to go home; but he only said, "I don't care if the lightning does strike me. I tell you again,

I 'm of no use in the world — nobody loves me. You may run home, if you are afraid."

"I am not afraid for myself, brother," said Charlie, his lip quivering; "but I will go home and beg mamma to come for you."

Charlie had not run half across the green, when there came a great blaze of lightning, and a heavy crash of thunder, which seemed to shake the very ground, The boys who were looking toward the church said that they saw the lightning roll down the rod like a ball of fire, and disappear in the earth; and that, at the same instant, Walter fell to the ground. They ran to him at once, raised him up, and carried him home, The poor boy's eyes and mouth were open, but he seemed quite dead. The doctor was sent for, — came immediately, took Walter from the bed, laid him on the floor, and began pouring cold water upon him by the bucketful. Mrs. Harrison had been strangely calm, at first; but when Walter began to show some little signs of life, the joy was more than she could bear, and she fainted

away. She went from one fainting fit into another; and when Walter was at last so much restored as to ask for her, she was lying quite insensible. Then first he knew how deeply and dearly his mother loved him. Little Charlie threw himself down by Walter, in the water, which was flooding the room, and the brothers kissed one another, and cried for joy. It was many days before Walter was entirely well; but, when he did get about, everybody noticed a great change in him. He was more kind and pleasant; far less jealous and passionate; he was happier, and made others happier, than ever before. He was so sure now that his mother truly loved him; and he knew, he said, that he could never again be jealous of his little brother. But, alas! Walter did not know himself. When he was fourteen, and his brother — still called "little Charlie" — about twelve, a wealthy uncle came from Boston for a brief visit. As this gentleman had no family, it was thought that Walter, who had been named for him, would be the

heir to his fortune. For this very reason, Walter was too proud to pay him any court; indeed, he hardly paid him proper respect and attention, and was generally silent and reserved in his presence. Mr. Rogers did not understand this manner; he thought Walter sullen and cold, and, though he could but see that he was an honest, intelligent boy, he was not, on the whole, pleased with him. But, like all other visiters, he was quite charmed with little Charlie; and he had not been long gone from the village, before there arrived from Boston a beautiful white pony, handsomely saddled and bridled, "*For Master Charles Harrison.*" In a letter to his sister, Mr. Rogers said, "Thinking that a daily ride may benefit my little invalid nephew, I send a pony, which is both spirited and docile. I hope that Charlie will accept it, with the kind wishes of 'Uncle Walter.'"

Both Mrs. Harrison and Charlie were pained that no present came for Walter, and that he was scarcely mentioned in the let-

ter; while, as for Walter, he felt the old jealous feeling boiling up from his heart, hotter than ever, and said some hard things, which he had better have left unsaid.

"Why, brother," said Charlie, "the pony shall be as much yours as mine; you may ride it every day."

"No, I won't!" answered Walter, angrily; "I never will mount it, as long as I live. I would n't be so mean."

But Walter had little call to be envious of his brother, who was quite too weak to ride his pretty pony. A few rods only, gave him a severe pain in the side, — so very delicate was poor Charlie.

This spring he seemed far worse than usual: he did not complain, but he daily grew weak and languid, till finally he could no longer be about the house.

One afternoon, when he came from school, Walter found Charlie sitting up in his bed, writing; but he hid his paper and pencil under the pillow, when he saw his brother, and hastily wiped away some tears which

were on his cheek. That very night he grew much worse; a fever came on, and he was quite delirious. All night long they watched over him, with great anxiety; and during the next day, though he was more quiet, and slept most of the time. When awake, he did not speak much, or seem to recognize any one.

Just at sunset, Walter was sitting in his own chamber by the window, with his face hid in the curtains, — for he was grieving for his gentle brother, who was like to die, — when his mother entered, holding a paper in her hand. Walter saw that she had been weeping, as she said, "I found this paper under little Charlie's pillow; you may read it, if you will."

Walter opened it, saw that it was in Charlie's handwriting, and read,

"MY LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

"I leave to my dear mamma my gold-clasped Bible, my trunk, and all my clothes, except my new green cloth roundabout,

which I leave to Cousin John, because he likes it, and it just fits him. To my papa I leave my pictures of Jesus Christ stilling the Tempest, and the fight between the '*Constitution*' and '*Guerriere*,' my seal of Hope and the anchor, and the 'Voyages of Captain Cook.' To my sister Clara I leave my canaries, my pet squirrel, my flowers, and all my fairy story-books. To my brother Walter I give the rest of my library, my chessboard and men, my battledores and shuttle-cock, my rabbits, my dog, and my white pony: and when I am dead, I hope he will believe I have loved him dearly. CHARLES HARRISON."

Walter wept bitterly over this will; but when he had grown calm, he said, "May I go to him, mother?" "If you will promise not to disturb him," she answered. Walter promised, and stole softly into the dim chamber where Charlie was now alone, sleeping quietly. He knelt down by the bedside, hid his face in the counterpane.

and silently prayed God to forgive all his sins, to give him a better heart, and to make his brother well again. Suddenly he felt a soft hand laid on his head. He looked up, and Charlie's mild blue eyes were smiling on him. "Come and lie by my side," he said; and Walter laid himself down there, and the brothers again embraced, and kissed each other.

As thus they lay, talking softly and sweetly together, they heard some unusual noise below, and then their mother coming up stairs with some one who stepped a little heavier. It was their father, returned from his longest and last sea voyage! Now he promised to stay at home with them always.

The return of Captain Harrison did more than medicine to cure his little son, who soon became stronger than he had ever been before.

One afternoon, when Charlie had been a fortnight about the house, it was arranged that he should take a short ride on his white pony, soon after breakfast, the next day.

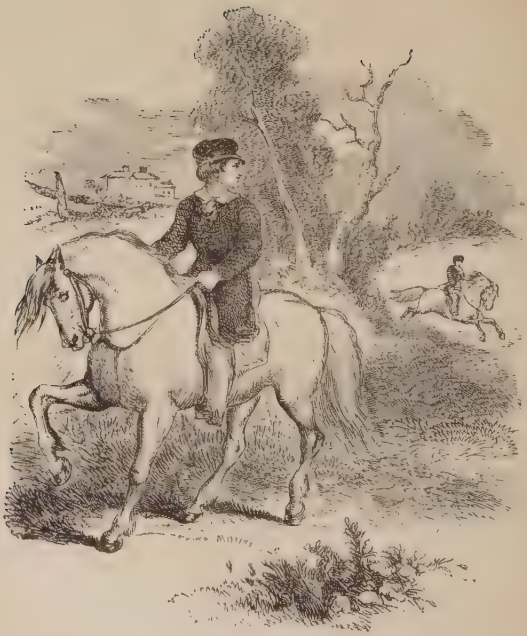
When Walter came down in the morning, his mother kissed him more tenderly than usual, and his father, shaking hands with him heartily, wished him many happy returns of the day. Walter looked as though he did not know what to make of this, and his mother said, "Why, my son, is it possible you have forgotten this is your birthday?"

"Ah, yes, mamma," he answered; "I only remembered that it was Charlie's first day out."

"And so," said his father, "you are to give him a ride; pray, what are *you* to do?"

"O, I 'll trot along by his side, on foot. I believe I can outrun that pony, now."

When breakfast was over, Walter helped his brother into the saddle, and was arranging the bridle, when Charlie called out, joyfully, "Look there, brother!" pointing with his riding-whip to another white pony, somewhat larger than his own, standing on the other side of the yard. Walter ran to



it, took off a slip of paper which was pinned to the rein, and read: "Will Walter, our first-born and beloved son, accept this birthday gift from his parents?"

Walter laid his face against the slender, arching neck of his beautiful horse, and burst into tears. But he was too happy to weep long; he soon ran into the house, thanked and kissed his father and mother, ran out again, mounted, and rode off with his brother.

They had a fine ride. They had many fine rides together in the years that followed; for Charlie continued to improve, till he became quite strong and vigorous. As for Walter, he always kept his robust health; he did not grow to be handsome, but he became what is far better, truly amiable and agreeable. Even Aunt Hannah Perkins grew to liking him, at last; and Uncle Walter Rogers, who sent him to college, has been heard to declare that he shall leave him all his fortune, — knowing that he will not hoard it like a miser, or

waste it like a spendthrift, but so use it as to do a great deal of good, and make a great many people happy. But I do not believe that the writing that gives to Walter Harrison a large sum of money, land, and houses, will ever be so dear to him as a little scrap of paper, which he keeps among his most valuable and sacred things in his private desk, and on which he has written, "LITTLE CHARLIE'S WILL."

THE HERMIT.

I KNOW an old man, with snowy white hair,
And figure all bony, and swarthy, and spare;
With a long Roman nose, like a parrot's hooked beak,
And little cross eyes, all rheumy and weak;
Like an odd piece of crockery laid on the shelf,
This funny old man lives away by himself; —
Alone, alone, all, all alone,
In a mouldering mill, with moss o'ergrown;
Too lonesome for dogs and for sociable cats,
And only not too much battered for bats; —
Down in a hollow, dark, swampy, and damp,
Where frogs might have agues, and die of the cramp,
And feathery owls be a-cold, —
There he grindeth his corn, and maketh his bread,
And stirreth the straw that formeth his bed;
There taketh he patches, and needle and thread,
And mendeth his garments old.

Sometimes he sings a dismal old tune,
In a small, cracked voice; sometimes, at noon,
When the sun is warm, and the wind from the south,
He falls fast asleep, — with his pipe in his mouth.

This old, old man was once a child, —
How strange it seems! — was once a child;
Over his cradle a father smiled,
And a mother, on her gentle breast,
Sung and hushed him into rest,
Smoothed from his forehead the silky soft hair,
And kissed the cheek of her baby fair.
Perhaps, as on her lap he lay,
He saw proud brothers round him play,
Who brought him toys to check his cries,
And sisters laughed at his cunning cross-eyes.

Where are they now? All gone — all gone!
Dead and buried these many years;
And now, alack! he never hears,
Day or night, one kindred tone!
He never looks on a loving face, —
The last of all his humble race,
The poor old fellow must die alone!

But little cares he. For the Lord of all,
Who heeds the sparrows when they fall,
He trusts to forgive his errors past,
And see him safe in heaven at last.

EFFIE GREY'S SLEEP-WALKING

Effie Grey, though one of the sweetest, was one of the most singular girls in the world. She seemed to have two distinct lives. Almost every bright moonshiny night, she was up, softly walking about the house, and sometimes in the garden and yard, *all in her sleep.* Sometimes she dimly remembered these rambles, as though she had dreamed of them, but oftenest she had not the least recollection of them. In dark or unpleasant nights, she seldom was known to go abroad; but when disposed to take a stroll by moonlight, nothing could prevent her; for she moved so quietly and softly, that she awoke no one; and if she found the doors locked and the keys taken away, she would escape by the windows.

When Effie was fifteen or sixteen years old, she outgrew this strange habit, and

learned to sleep quietly in her bed, like other people. Some two years before, however, an odd adventure happened to her. It was this:

On a pleasant Saturday afternoon, early in the autumn, Effie, with her two brothers, Jamie and Archie, and three or four of her schoolmates, went into the woods to gather wild grapes. The boys would climb the trees, break off the ripe clusters, and drop them into the spread aprons of the girls; sometimes they would tear away whole vines, and fling them to the ground.

Altogether, they had a right merry time, though they were somewhat disappointed in not getting quite so many nice grapes as they expected to find. Many of the vines grew so much in the shade, that the fruit was stunted and sour.

On their way home, they perceived across a dark stream a large vine, which, growing from between two rocky ledges, clambered up the almost perpendicular bank, and hung its rich clusters of purple fruit over the

water. These were by far the largest and ripest grapes the children had seen, and they stood for some moments looking at them with longing eyes. But they could only be gathered by climbing the bank from the water, and not even the boys were brave enough for such an exploit; for, though the stream was not deep, it was very black and miry. So they all went on their way, leaving the grapes for the wild birds to feast upon, at their leisure.

That night, Effie was for a long time too tired to sleep. She tossed and turned on her soft bed, as though it had been stuffed with corn-stalks, or even chestnut-burs. She lived over the toilsome sport of the afternoon: now scrambling after grapes; now tumbling over logs, and breaking her way through bushes; and, last before she went to sleep, she thought longingly on those nice, ripe, un-get-atable grapes, hanging over the creek.

When Effie awoke in the morning, she felt strangely lame and stiff; and when she

thrust her feet out of bed, what was her astonishment to find them all covered with thick black mud! The linen sheets of her bed, so snowy clean the night before, were now in a shocking condition; and, from a window opening on to a piazza, led miry foot-prints across the nice rush matting. But, strangest of all, on the table stood a large basket, filled with grapes; she remembered having seen that basket on the piazza the night before. Effie saw, at once, that she had gone in her sleep, at some hour of the moonlight night, for the grapes which had tempted her so much in the daytime; and she burst into a passionate fit of crying, from a feeling half grief, half shame, which she could hardly herself understand. Her first thought was to conceal the adventure from everybody. She could easily wash the mud from her feet and ankles; but what was she to do with her soiled night-dress, the bed-clothes, and the matting?

She must tell her mother; there was no help for it. She must bear, as best she

could, her father's jokes, and the laughter of her merry brothers. But then she had the grapes, — that was some consolation.

Early in the winter that followed, James Grey, Effie's eldest brother, died quite suddenly, of brain fever, caused, it was thought, by too hard study in preparing for college; for James was a remarkably studious and ambitious boy, and had never been very strong. He had been lovely in his life, and in his death he was mourned by all who knew him; but his father grieved most bitterly of all. It had always been said that Jamie was Judge Grey's favorite child. I do not know how that was, but it surely seemed that when the noble boy was called away into "the better land," his father must go too. Day and night he groaned and wept for his dear dead son. He neither ate nor slept; he seemed not to know what was passing around him, and to have almost forgotten that he had yet living children, and a true, loving wife.

A few months before this son's death,

Judge Grey had taken him to sit to a good artist, who had painted a fine portrait of him, which was prettily framed, and hung in a little parlor where the family met for prayers, and where they could look at it night and morning, when Jamie should be far away at college. Now the poor father would stand before this picture hour after hour, with his arms folded on his breast, the tears slowly sliding down his cheeks; and now and then he would give a sigh, — oh, so deep and sorrowful! At last, when this had continued for many days, Effie went gently up to him, took his hand in hers, and tried to lead him away; but he would not go. Then her mother came, and wound her arms about him, and pleaded with him, for her sake, and the children's sake, to stand no longer grieving before that portrait; yet still he would not go.

Late that night, after all the rest of the family had retired, and wept themselves to sleep, he stood with a lamp in his hand, gazing on the likeness of his lost boy. It

was hard to say good-night to that smiling face, for there was no more any *good* night or good morning for *him*.

In the morning, when the family came together, what was their surprise to find a thick veil drawn closely over Jamie's portrait! Judge Grey was much agitated, and asked who had done this. Mrs. Grey knew nothing of it; but when Effie was questioned, she said, timidly, "I remember thinking, last night, that the picture should be veiled, a little while, for your sake, father; and that is all I know about it."

Mrs. Grey then offered to remove the veil; but her husband said,

"Let it remain, Mary. I have been rightly reproved for my selfish grieving; and I will not look on that dear face again until I can say, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.'"

As month after month went by, Judge Grey grew more resigned and cheerful. He began, at last, to talk freely of his lost son;

he could even smile at the recollection of some of the light-hearted boy's wild tricks and funny sayings. But he never removed the veil from the portrait, though he knew that no one else would presume to take it away. He feared that his heart was not yet strong and submissive enough to look calmly on that pleasant face, that always smiled on his tears.

One night, early in June, as the Greys were all standing on the vine-shaded piazza, in the moonlight, listening to the low murmur of the brook which ran near the door, and breathing in the fragrance of roses, Effie heard her father say to her mother, "Do you remember, Mary, that to-morrow will be Jamie's birth-day? He would have been fifteen, had God left him with us. How he used to enjoy a night like this! and he had a real girlish love of roses."

"But, my dear husband," answered Mrs. Grey, "we know there is no lack of light and flowers, and all beautiful things, where our Jamie is gone."

But next morning, when the family gathered together in the little parlor, to thank God for his care of them through the night, the first thing that met the eyes of parents and children was Jamie's portrait, with the dark veil taken away, and a beautiful wreath of roses hanging in its place!

All looked at Effie, who turned pale, then blushed deeply, and burst into tears. "Did *I* do it, mother?" she sobbed out; "indeed, indeed, I cannot remember."

"I think you must have done it, my dear daughter," replied Mrs. Grey.

"Yes, Effie," said her father, folding her in his arms, "it was you, or some other angel."

And this was the last of Effie Grey's sleep-walking.

Do not always weep, when thinking
Of the loved ones early gone;
And their names speak not so sadly, —
Breathe them in a pleasant tone.

Think of them as dear lambs, kindly
  Borne away from storm and cold,
By the tender shepherd, Jesus, —
  Gathered safely to the fold.

Think not of the dreary graveyard,
  When comes on the wintry even; —
Think how beautiful the place is,
  They call home, and we call heaven.

Sweetest, brightest thoughts weave round them,
  When their faces you recall, —
Even as Effie crowned with roses
  Jamie's picture on the wall.

LIZZIE IN THE MILL.

MANY years ago, in a pleasant village of New England, lived the little girl whose true story I am about to relate, — Lizzie Stone, the only daughter of the miller.

Lizzie was a child whom everybody loved; not only because she was so pretty, lively, and intelligent, but for her being so sweet, gentle, and peaceable, — so truly good. Lizzie had two brothers a few years older than herself, who were very fond of her, and of whom she was very fond. These three children always went to school and to church together, and played in perfect agreement.

It happened that one sunny autumn afternoon they had a visit from two little girls, their cousins, who lived about a mile distant. They had a wild, joyous time; they played in the yard, in the barn, and all over

the house. Mrs. Stone, who was a kind, pleasant woman, looked on and laughed, if she did not mingle in their sport. She got them a nice early tea by themselves; and, when the visiters, after one last merry game, were about leaving, she said to Lizzie,

"Your brothers will go home with Alice and Celia. You may go with them as far as the mill; but be sure to stop there, and come home with your father."

As the cousins set out, laughing and frolicking along, Mrs. Stone stood in the little front portico of her cottage, looking after them, as they went down the lane, and thinking what handsome, and happy, and, above all, what good children they were. She smiled at Lizzie's affectionate way of taking leave of her, though she was to be gone so short a time. Lizzie never parted from her mother, even for a half-hour, without kissing her lovingly, and bidding her good-by in a voice as sweet and tender as the cooing of a dove. Now, as Mrs. Stone went into the house, she said softly to her-

self, "It is nearly ten years since God gave me that child, and she has never yet caused me one moment's sorrow."

The children played so much along the road, and stopped so often to pick flowers and berries, that it was nearly dark when they reached the mill. Then, when the girls came to part, they had yet so many things to tell to each other, so many invita tions to give, so many good-by's to say, it was no wonder that they lingered a while.

It seemed that Lizzie could not let her cousins go. She parted from them, in her loving way, so many times, that her brothers grew a little impatient, and George, the eldest, said, "Why, sister, I don't see but that Ned and I will have to help you in your kissing, or you 'll never get through."

Then Alice and Celia, blushing and laughing, broke away from their cousin, and ran fast down a little hill towards their home. The boys soon overtook them; and Lizzie, after watching the group a while, and thinking how good was God to give her such amiable

cousins, such noble brothers, and such dear parents to love, turned and went into the mill. She found it going, and was almost frightened by the din it made, and by the darkness; for night was fast coming on. She called her father's name, and he answered; but the machinery made so much noise that she did not hear. Thinking that he had already gone, she turned to go home alone. She took a way she had often safely taken, over the flume, by the great water-wheel. But to-night she was bewildered,—lost her footing, and fell off on to the wheel, which whirled her down, down, crushing and tearing her in a shocking manner! It happened that just at that moment her father, thinking that Lizzie had been sent to call him home, stopped the mill, and began to search for her. Led by her cries, he came to the wheel, and there found what had occurred. "Are you badly hurt, my daughter?" he asked, in great grief and terror. "Yes, father. I seem to be all crushed to pieces, and I cannot stir; but I

think I shall live till you get me out. Leave me here, and go for help."

The neighborhood was soon roused, and many men hurried, with saws and axes, to the mill. But they found that only one or two could work at a time in cutting away the strong, heavy timbers, and that it would be some hours before Lizzie could be taken from the cruel place where she was held so fast, and crushed so dreadfully; and they said that to move the wheel backward or forward might kill her at once.

When Mrs. Stone came, one of the men let down a light into the wheel, so that she could see her poor child. When she saw Lizzie's white face, and the bleeding arms held toward her, she shrieked and cried bitterly. But Lizzie called up to her as sweetly and cheerfully as she had ever spoken in her life, and said, "Don't cry, mother! They will get me out before long; keep up good courage, and pray to God for me."

And so she continued to talk, hour after hour, while the men kept cutting and saw-

ing at the great timbers: so she cheered and comforted her parents, and her poor brothers, when they too came to the mill.

Once her voice grew very low and indistinct,—then it ceased altogether: the doctor looked down, and said she had fainted away, and they sprinkled water upon her. As soon as she revived, she began again to say comforting things, and to beg her mother and brothers not to cry. She said she did not suffer so much pain as at first, and that she was sure she should live to be carried home.

It was nearly midnight when the last timber that held her was sawed away, and a workman lifted her gently up, and laid her in her father's arms. The pain of being moved caused the poor child to faint again, and she did not revive until she had been carried home. When she opened her eyes, she found herself on her own little bed, with her dear father and mother and brothers at her side.

The doctor carefully dressed Lizzie's

wounds, and gave her some opium to make her sleep ; but he told her father and mother that she could not possibly get well. When he heard the dreadful words, Mr. Stone groaned, and covered his face with his hands ; and, for a few moments, Mrs. Stone leaned her head on her husband's shoulder, and cried. Then, lifting her eyes, and clasping her hands, she said, "Thy will, oh Lord, be done!" and went and sat down calmly by Lizzie's side, and watched her till she slept.

The poor little girl remained sleeping most of the next day. She would often wake, and ask for water ; but she then seemed hardly to know where she was, or who was with her. Her cousins, Alice and Celia, came to see her ; but she did not recognize them, and they went away, sobbing bitterly.

Early in the night, however, she awoke, and seemed better. She knew all about her, and smiled on them, but said that she must leave them very soon. She told her father that she wanted to hear him pray once

more; and Mr. Stone knelt down by her bedside, and asked God to take safely home the little daughter he had given them, and thanked him for leaving her with them so long. Then Lizzie said to her mother, "Will you sing me just one verse of the hymn I love so much, 'Jesus sought me'?" Her mother tried, but she could not sing for weeping; and Lizzie said, "Never mind, — where I am going, there is beautiful singing. Yet it seems to me I shall hear no voice so sweet as yours, mamma. Why do you cry? Only think, mamma, if I should live, now, how crooked and sickly I should be. I might be a poor hunchback, and give a great deal of trouble and sorrow to you all. Will it not be better to bury up this crushed body, and let the pleasant grass grow over it, and have a new and glorious body, such as the angels have?"

As she spoke these words, she smiled, and did not weep; but when, afterwards, she asked for a faithful house-dog, and her pretty Maltese kitten, and they were brought

to her, she burst into tears. "Good-by, old Bose! good-by, Kitty!" she said. "I cry, mamma, to part from these, because I never, never shall see them again; for they have no souls, poor things! But you and papa will come to heaven before many years; and you, too, brothers, if you are good boys."

A little while after this, she said, "Georgie, give my love to Alice and Celia, and tell them I am glad I kissed them so many times last night. Eddie, take care of my flowers: and, boys, don't miss me too much in your play,"

After lying very quiet for some moments, she again spoke, and said,

"Mamma, are the shutters open, and has the morning come very brightly?"

"No, my daughter," her mother answered, "it is still dark night."

"O, then," said Lizzie, "it must be the windows of God's beautiful palace I see, with the pleasant light shining through. I am almost there! Good-by, mamma, and papa, and brothers, good-by!" and, with a

smile spread over her face, Lizzie stretched out her arms, looked upward, and so died!

When Lizzie lay in her coffin, that smile was on her sweet face still, — brighter and purer than the white roses that lay upon her pillow, — and Mrs. Stone tried not to let her tears fall upon it; for she said, "God has taken back a little angel he lent to me for a few years, and why should I weep for my happy, happy child?"

LIZZIE GONE.

Lizzie lieth cold and still,
In the church-yard on the hill,
Where the winter winds shall rave,
All night long, around her grave; —
Poor little Lizzie!

She 'll not breathe the airs of spring,
Nor hear the tuneful robin sing;
She 'll not feel the sun's bright glow,
Nor see the early violets blow; —
Poor little Lizzie!

She 'll not join her brothers' play,
Through the sunny days of May;

Nor mark how God his love discloses,
In the coming forth of roses · —
Poor little Lizzie!

She 'll glean the yellow grain no more,
Nor taste the orchard's ripened store,
Nor see the leaves, in autumn hours,
Come down in gold and crimson showers; —
Poor little Lizzie!

She 'll not run to meet, again,
Her dear tired father in the lane;
Nor hear her mother's Sabbath-singing,
Nor the church-bells' solemn ringing; —
Poor little Lizzie!

She hath left the love and mirth,
All the sights and sounds of earth,
Long before her life's bright noon, —
Must she go to sleep so soon? —
Poor little Lizzie!

Say not so; for cold and still,
In the church-yard on the hill,
Only her crushed body lies; —
Far in holy Paradise
Lives the soul of Lizzie!

Where the fair and sweet-breathed flowers
Die not in the pleasant bowers;

And the lovely time of roses
Never fades and never closes, —
There dwelleth Lizzie!

Where the tuneful waters flow,
Comes no night, nor winter's snow, —
For the sunshine all abroad
Is the constant smile of God, —
There dwelleth Lizzie!

Where the seraphs, winged and crowned,
With their harps make sweetest sound, —
Where the blesséd angels sing
Glad hosannas to their King, —
There singeth Lizzie!

She will feel no cruel pain,
She will never cry again;
For the Lord, once crucified,
Who in bitter anguish died,
Comforts little Lizzie.

Leaning on his tender breast,
Who the little children blessed,
Waiting till her dear ones come,
Till the Father calls them home, -
Happy angel Lizzie!

JACK AND HIS JACK-O'LANTERNS.

Near the small village of H——, in one of our Western States, may be seen an old fort, built by the French, at the time of the French and Indian war, many years ago. This stands on a small hill, near the turnpike; and, as the walls are much broken down, and grown over with grass and shrubbery, it is a very pretty place, indeed.

Some years since, there came to reside in H—— an Englishman by the name of Henderson. He was a hard, severe-looking man, whom nobody knew anything about, except that he seemed to possess considerable property, that he had a meek, sad-faced wife, and four very idle, good-for-nothing boys. There was also in his family a dark, slender child, about eleven years of age, who seemed to be a sort of an adopted son. This John Elliot proved to be a very strange

boy, — almost as shy and wild as a young savage. Nobody appeared to care for him; he was seldom seen with the other members of the family, but spent most of his time in the fields and woods, coarsely, if not shabbily dressed, and often without shoes or hat. He was never seen rambling or at play with the Henderson boys, who, it was said, were far from kind to him; and their father was known to treat him very cruelly. He was never sent to school, or to church; it may be that he could not have been persuaded to go, he was so exceedingly shy always. He never could be prevailed upon to enter a neighbor's house; and seemed afraid to converse many minutes at a time with any one, though he would answer very civilly any question put to him. He never complained of the hard treatment he had at home, but surely his sad face and neglected look were complaint enough.

Every one who heard him speak noticed that he had a voice of remarkable sweetness; and he seemed to have a talent for

music; for he would sing, when he thought himself quite alone, wild, mournful, complaining airs; but nobody could ever catch the sense of the words, and very likely they had little meaning.

John, or *Jack*, as the Hendersons always called him, seemed to take to the fort from the first. He spent hour after hour there searching for the stone arrow-heads, pipes and beads, of the Indians, and rusty buckles, bullets, and bayonets, of the French soldiers. At one time he dug up an old iron-hilted sword, with only about an inch of the point broken off; this he hung at his side, by a leathern belt, and for months was never seen without it.

It happened that the summer Jack came to H——, Miss Ellen Hayward, the minister's daughter, a very sweet young lady, was in delicate health, and was in the habit of walking every morning. Often she went to the fort, and, after climbing the little hill, would sit down to rest on the grassy embankment.

After a long time, she became acquainted with Jack, who interested her very much.

Once she asked him to tell her about the Hendersons and himself. He looked all around them, as though he feared some one might overhear him, before he answered. He said he believed that Mr. Henderson was not nearly related to him; that once, when he was very small, he lived in a beautiful home, where there never was any winter, but where the flowers were always bright, and the trees green; that he remembered a tall man, in soldier's dress, his papa, and a sweet, kind mamma. He said he recollected that one morning somebody came to him, and told him his mamma was dead, and he was never to see her any more; and that afterwards his papa took him to a ship, and, after kissing him many times, left him there with a nurse; and that they sailed day after day, over the sea, till they reached England, when Mr. Henderson came on board, and took them to his home. The next thing he remembered was, that one morning his

good nurse kissed him, and cried over him a long time, and said they were going to send her away; she went, and he never saw her again. Then he was sent to a great noisy school for some years; then they all came to America, where they had moved from place to place, till they settled at H——.

"Poor boy!" said Miss Hayward, when Jack had finished his little story. "You have had a hard time, so far; but cheer up! your father will come for you, yet."

"No, no!" cried Jack, throwing himself down on the ground, and hiding his face in the long grass; "he will never come so far for me,— he will never find me. And then I 'm afraid he has been killed, long ago,— my brave soldier-papa!"

"I think," said Miss Hayward, "that you must have been born in India, and that your father was an English officer."

"I think so, too," said Jack; "but I never could get anybody to tell me anything about it. I *know* my papa was a British soldier; for he wore a red coat, and because

I love swords, bayonets, forts, and all such things, and think 'God save the King' a braver fighting tune than 'Yankee Doodle.'"

The next day Miss Hayward brought Jack that sweet East-Indian story, by Mrs. Sherwood, called "Little Henry and his Bearer." Scarcely had she read a page to him, before he cried out, joyfully,

"O, I had just such a home as that! I had just such a bearer as Boosy, who carried me on his back everywhere. O, I *was* born in India! — I *was* born in India!"

And Jack was right. The true story of John Charles Elliot, as it afterwards came out, was this. He was the only child of English parents, and was born at a military station near Calcutta. He was a delicate boy, about five years old, when his mother died; and his father, Captain Elliot, fearing that he could not live in the climate of India, sent him to England, and placed him under the care of a cousin and an old school-mate of his own, Mr. Henderson; for it happened that neither the father nor the mother of the

boy had any near relations then living in England. Captain Elliot had great confidence in Mr. Henderson; he made him the guardian of his son, and placed in his hands little John's entire fortune, left to him by his mother. But the frank, honest soldier was deceived in his cousin, who was a wicked, dishonest man. All the while that Mr. Henderson was writing pleasant, friendly letters to Captain Elliot, far in India, he was treating very ill his lonely little boy, and even using for himself and his family the money rightly belonging to John.

He sent away the lad's nurse, and forbade every one in the family to talk with him about India, for fear that, when he was old enough, he would write to his father, and tell him how he was treated.

When Mr. Henderson left England for America, with his family, it was because he feared that Captain Elliot was coming home, and would find out what a villain he had been for so many years. Of course, he did not write to the captain that he was about

to leave England; and after he had left, he did not write at all: so, for two years, poor Captain Elliot heard not a word from his little son.

Jack was not altogether sad. He had a quiet love of mischief and fun, which showed itself in an amusing way, the summer he spent at H——. It chanced that some silly men got it into their heads that there was money buried somewhere in the old fort, and went to work digging for it.

Though, like Jack, they found nothing but arrow-heads, pipe-bowls, and pieces of old guns and swords, they were not discouraged; for they had consulted a famous fortune-teller, who, after looking very solemnly in a blue tea-cup, for ten minutes, told them that "Somewherès inside of the fort, the French *sartin* buried five great iron pots full of gold and silver." She told them that they must always begin to dig just at midnight. And so, from twelve till the cock crew for daylight, a watcher might see

their lanterns burning on old Fort Hill, and hear the sound of their pickaxes and spades.

Well, one evening Jack went alone to the fort, carrying a spade and an iron dinner-pot. He then dug a new hole, very near the last place where the men had been digging, pressed the pot down into the earth with all his strength, so that it would leave a deep impression, then took it up, hid it in the bushes, and hid himself there until the gold-diggers came. Presently, he heard one of the men call out, "Hallo! — some thief has been here, and stole one of our money-pots! Now, boys, for the other four, — they must be somewhere near!"

As you may suppose, they went to work harder than ever; and it was broad daylight before they gave up, shouldered pickaxe and spade, and went home.

The next day, Jack told his friend Miss Hayward of the joke he had played off on the foolish fellows who were spoiling the fort by digging such great holes in the ground. The story was soon all over town,

and the gold-diggers were completely laughed out of their folly.

Close behind the fort lay a large marsh; and, in the dark nights of the autumn, this was all lit up with brilliant jack-o'lanterns. They even came pouring over the walls, and danced about in the old fort as though they were having rare frolics together. Strange to say, Jack Elliot — who, people began to think, was not in his right mind — might often be seen with them there; — dancing with the merriest, chasing the swiftest, calling to them as though they were real playmates, and singing more wildly than ever.

One night in October, as a traveller on horseback was passing the fort, he observed the jack-o'lanterns, who were out in great numbers. He checked his horse to watch their shining play, and presently he saw a slight, dark figure moving about with them. It was Jack, at his nightly frolic with his friends. The gentleman felt curious to know what that strange boy was about; so dismounted, went softly up the hill, and hid

among the bushes, near where Jack was shouting, laughing, and striving in vain to catch the dancing lights in his arms. Suddenly the boy began singing, in his sweet, wild voice, such words as,

"Dance, dance around me! Don't fly so high!
Don't run away, now, be good, and come back!
Bright jack-o'lanterns! merry jack-o'lanterns!
Only play-fellows of poor little Jack!"

That voice! oh, it sounded to the stranger like the voice of his dear young wife, dead these many years; and like the voice of her boy and his, sent away from him long ago, and for whom he had sought vainly in England and America,—*for the stranger was Captain Elliot!*

He now sprang forward, and caught Jack in his arms, saying, "O my boy! my dear boy! thank God, I have found you at last!"

Jack was never known to be frightened, or even startled; so now he said, quite calmly, but joyfully, "Papa! my brave soldier-papa! is it you? I thought you never were coming,—never, never!"

In a short time there were great changes with the Hendersons. They were obliged to give up the little that now remained of John Elliot's property, and to begin to live like poor people, as they were. For the sake of Mrs. Henderson, who had been as kind to John as she dared to be, Captain Elliot did not punish her husband as severely as he deserved; but everybody despised and shunned the family, as long as they remained in H——. It would take me a long time to tell just how Captain Elliot found his son; — how he followed Mr. Henderson from England to America, and tracked him from state to state, and town to town, till he reached that little village in the West.

Captain Elliot was a tall, soldier-like person, still very handsome, though much sunburned, and beginning to show a few white locks in the black curls around his forehead. He had left the army, and said he intended to return to England, and go to live with his son on some property of his own in the country.

It was noticed that Jack did not rest till he brought his father acquainted with his only friend, Miss Hayward, the minister's daughter; and it was also noticed that this pretty girl seemed to please the father full as well as the son. Soon the three might often be seen walking together to the old fort, — sometimes on jack-o'lantern nights. Then people began to say, "I wonder what that Captain Elliot stays here so long for? His business is all done; and it 's getting rather late in the season to cross the ocean." And one good, careful, tea-drinking old lady said,

"It 's well Ellen Hayward has got over her last spring's sickness, or she'd run the risk of catching her death-cold, in taking so many evening walks."

One morning, early in November, Captain Elliot said to John, "My son, put on your best suit of clothes; I want you to go to church with me."

"To church, papa?" said John; "why, it is n't Sunday."

"I know that," answered his father; "but if I go up there this morning, the good minister will give his daughter Ellen to me, for my wife, and your mother; and we may take her with us to England."

"O papa, how glad I am!" cried John; "you did this all to make me happy, — did you not?" Captain Elliot laughed, as he answered, "I am afraid I am not quite so good as that. I own I want Miss Hayward to finish taming my young savage; but then I want her full as much for myself. She is a noble girl! I think, John, that she looks very much as your mother did."

As John Charles Elliot took his sweet one friend, his new mamma, with him to England, there was nobody to mourn for him when he went from H——; in fact, nobody missed him much. One would have thought that the jack-o'lanterns might have been sorry for his going; but even they *made light of it*, and that very night danced away as merrily as ever